

## Short Prose Dream 20210223014248310036

Texts Used: Antic Hay by Aldous Huxley

These texts were remixed using a "Dream Filter", or a Python-coded text processor, by [Thomas Park](#). The purpose is, rather than rendering a narrative, emulating a dream.

We shall see." Gumbriel nodded his head slowly, while he transferred two pennies from his right-hand trouser pocket to his left-hand trouser pocket. "Hideous to think that people actually live in places like this," Gumbriel was saying. Lypiatt got up and crept to the window. How simple to spit on the floors of churches! Gumbriel shook his head. \_No\_ education can be called \_complete\_ without a knowledge of that divine book." He darted to the bookshelf and came back with a small volume bound in white vellum.

"Well, as a matter of fact it isn't here." Gumbriel Senior pulled with fury at his beard. "Give a brief account of the character and career of Pope Pius IX, \_with dates wherever possible\_." Gumbriel leaned back in his chair and thought of his own character, with dates. Once in the past when he had been called upon to make a public speech, he had felt so nervous that he was sick; the thousands who listened to him now bent like wheat under the wind of his eloquence. Living would be worse than...." Lypiatt was reaching out for another sheet of paper when he was startled to hear the sound of feet on the stairs. Lypiatt felt himself trembling as the sound came nearer. Gumbriel, we know all about that." Gumbriel made a deprecating gesture. "He might really be preoccupied, or asleep, or ill." Gumbriel knocked. Gumbriel burst out ferociously laughing.

CHAPTER VI It was between Whitefield Street and the Tottenham Court Road, in a 'heavenly Mews,' as he liked to call it (for he had a characteristic weakness for philosophical paronomasia), that Casimir Lypiatt lived and worked. He got up from before his writing-desk, crossed the room and sat down beside her on Crebillon. Gumbriel had said something, he remembered, that night they had met her by the coffee-stall. Boldero, "sci--en--tifically." Gumbriel nodded again. "What's the time?" Gumbriel looked at his watch. Good Lord!" and Lypiatt seized the proffered hand with an excruciating cordiality. Lypiatt," he added richly, "has the true artistic temp----" "It's going to be magnificent." Lypiatt could not wait till Mr. "My dear fellow, what on earth are you doing here?" Gumbriel Senior jumped up excitedly at his son's entrance.

Thin-limbed, bent and agile in his loose, crumpled clothes, Gumbriel Senior had the air, beside Mr. Lypiatt would make an excellent stage designer." Damn them! It was here, Gumbriel reflected, that the Mild and Melancholy one would dumbly have slunk away to his glass of port and his loneliness among the alien toppers at the bar. "It is unfortunate that when two or three are gathered together in God's name, or even in the more civilized name of Mercaptan of the delicious middle," Mercaptan dexterously parried the prod which Coleman aimed at him, "it is altogether deplorable that they should necessarily empest the air." Lypiatt had turned his eyes heavenwards. "What with Lypiatt on one side, being a muscular Christian artist, and Coleman on the other, howling the black mass.... Gumbriel found himself in the midst of a dismal collection of etchings. Clew, pointing to one of the thoughts with which Lypiatt had prefaced his catalogue. Lypiatt hasn't got a style. Milton called them that; he should have known. (\_The\_ MONSTER

\_climbs on to a chair and stands in the posture of a statue\_) Jupiter, father of gods, a man, I bless myself, I throw bolts at my own disobedience, I answer my own prayers, I pronounce oracles to satisfy the questions I myself propound. With a sigh of disgusted weariness, Gumbriel looked at his papers. "Pius IX was called Ferretti. Gumbriel burst out ferociously laughing. "And how do you propose," he asked, "to make this money?" Gumbriel Junior explained. "It came to me this morning," he said, "in chapel, during service." "Monstrous," put in Gumbriel Senior, with a genuine indignation, "monstrous these mediaeval survivals in schools! Lypiatt hasn't got a style. Like a Veronese," it was saying; "enormous, vehement, a great swirling composition" ('swirling composition'--mentally, the young assistant made a note of that), "but much more serious, of course, much more spiritually significant, much more----" "Lypiatt!" Gumbriel had risen from his chair, had turned, had advanced, holding out his hand. Lypiatt sighed. That would be good, that would be damned good!" Lypiatt laughed very loudly and slapped his thighs. "There is a greater danger in letting them stagnate and atrophy," Lypiatt retorted. Out in the gallery, among the boats, the views of the Grand Canal, and the Firth of Forth, Gumbriel placidly ruminated. Like the colossal writing of Darius, like the figures graven in the bald face of the precipice over Behistun--unexpected and beautiful and human, human in the surrounding emptiness." Gumbriel Senior brushed back his hair and turned, smiling, to look at his son over the top of his spectacles. "Very fine," Gumbriel Junior nodded to him. Lypiatt will bear me out, I'm sure." He turned to the thin man, who had not moved from the fireplace, but had stood all the time motionlessly, his elbow on the mantelpiece, looking gloomily at the ground. Lypiatt looked up. Gumbriel pushed a florin under the bars. "What indeed?" Gumbriel had limped up to the door and stood there, holding it open for her. A man stood beside her drinking tea out of a thick white cup. "And how well and frankly you express what we all feel and lack the courage to say." Lypiatt gave vent to indignant laughter. Or the same idea in terms of music----" and Lypiatt dashed to the piano and evoked a distorted ghost of Scriabin. The fastidious lady; the poets; all the adventures. Her thinking was always a series of pictures; one after another the pictures swam up before her eyes, melted again in an instant. "How revolting this sham cottage furniture is," Gumbriel remarked. The shop, he noticed, was called 'Ye Olde Farme House.' The stranger, who had been on the point of saying how much she liked those lovely Old Welsh dressers, gave him her heartiest agreement. They lay, thick piles of them, on the floor beside his chair: sixty-three answers to ten questions about the Italian Risorgimento. He had called a special master's meeting at the end of last term to tell them all about the Risorgimento. In the basement, two floors down, the cook and the house-parlourmaid were reading--one the \_Daily Mirror\_, the other the \_Daily Sketch\_. Lypiatt sighed. "And look at this," Lypiatt went on. Or the same idea in terms of music----" and Lypiatt dashed to the piano and evoked a distorted ghost of Scriabin. Gumbriel was quite disappointed when his visitor began to talk of other themes than Rosie. Once in the past when he had been called upon to make a public speech, he had felt so nervous that he was sick; the thousands who listened to him now bent like wheat under the wind of his eloquence. And he knew how everybody lived, and what it was like to be a mill girl, a dustman, an engine-driver, a Jew, an Anglican bishop, a confidence-trickster. Gumbriel looked at his watch. "You could sleep here," Gumbriel answered in a voice that came from a long way away. Happening to look out of the window at this moment, Gumbriel saw the name of the place painted across a lamp. Lypiatt is to have a show here soon," remarked Gumbriel, who had had enough of

the boats. "You don't say so?" Gumbriel was duly impressed. "So I see." Gumbriel spoke as sarcastically as he could. Her thinking was always a series of pictures; one after another the pictures swam up before her eyes, melted again in an instant. Bolshevism, she called it. Lypiatt will bear me out, I'm sure." He turned to the thin man, who had not moved from the fireplace, but had stood all the time motionlessly, his elbow on the mantelpiece, looking gloomily at the ground. Gumbriel, 'oo knows?" "Who indeed?" Gumbriel looked at his watch. Should we say next Tuesday?" "Let us say next Tuesday." Gumbriel opened the shop door.

His father had gone out to dine, and Gumbriel had eaten his rump steak and drunk his bottle of stout alone. "Pius IX was called Ferretti. He wrote several encyclicals and a syllabus." Gumbriel admired the phrase about less than average intelligence; Falarope Major should have at least one mark for having learnt it so well by heart. "We haven't had enough to eat yet," he said, and he gave the cabman Gumbriel Senior's address. Gumbriel Senior was sitting on his little iron balcony among the dried-out pots that had once held geraniums, smoking his pipe and looking earnestly out into the darkness in front of him. One has no idea how queer they are." Gumbriel laughed. "Quite." "And how small the scale is nowadays!" Lypiatt went on, rhapsodically. "The critics would think it was a problem picture," Lypiatt went on. "Quite." "And how small the scale is nowadays!" Lypiatt went on, rhapsodically. I stand alone, opposing it with my example."

Lypiatt raised his hand. \_Qui ne comprend pas le francais, qui me deteste avec une passion egale a la mienne, et qui mangera, ma foi, des rognons pour faire honneur au physiologue.\_" "Have some Burgundy?" Gumbriel proffered the bottle. "It's only the deliberately blind who wouldn't reckon on the combination," Lypiatt put in, indignantly. Later on, however, when Gumbriel and Mrs. And I've let them have it." "But why?" Gumbriel Junior asked in a tone of astonishment. Gumbriel would lean forward, would strain his eyes and his ears in the hope of seeing, of hearing something--something significant, explanatory, satisfying. "Chiefly," said Gumbriel Senior, "because, as I've said before, they didn't know how to think or profit by experience. "This is Shearwater," Gumbriel Junior put in, and explained who he was. There are some streets oh, my God!" And Gumbriel Senior threw up his hands in horror. They parted near the bottom of the Tottenham Court Road, Lypiatt to go northward to his studio off Maple Street, Gumbriel to pay one of his secret visits to those rooms of his in Great Russell Street.

Once in the past when he had been called upon to make a public speech, he had felt so nervous that he was sick; the thousands who listened to him now bent like wheat under the wind of his eloquence. Gumbriel sat down again. "All with one voice for the space of about two hours cried out, Great is Diana of the Ephesians." Gumbriel composed himself as comfortably as he could on his oaken seat. "Charming!" Gumbriel stuck to his guns. Milton called them that; he should have known. "When we've finished," Gumbriel Junior spoke with his mouth full, "you must show Myra your model of London. "That's a good fellow," he said of his departed guest, "a splendid fellow." "I always admire the monocle," said Gumbriel Junior irrelevantly. \_Sautes\_, mark my words." Laying his hat and stick on the floor beside him, he sat down at the end of the table, between Lypiatt and Shearwater. \_Qui ne comprend pas le francais, qui me deteste avec une passion egale a la mienne, et qui mangera, ma foi, des rognons pour faire honneur au physiologue.\_" "Have some Burgundy?" Gumbriel proffered the bottle. Gumbriel Senior swept on. "It's exquisite," said Gumbriel Junior. The capital of Utopia, or what?" Delighted, Gumbriel Senior laughed. The bald fact that Emily was married had at once been veiled with mysteries,

surrounded and protected by silences; whenever the Complete Man asked a question about it, Emily did not answer and Molly only giggled. "But why?" Gumbriel asked. Gumbriel performed the introduction in more commonplace style. Shearwater," Myra called expiringly. From the world of tailors Gumbriel passed into that of the artificial pearl merchants and with a still keener appreciation of the amorous qualities of this clear spring day, he began a leisured march along the perfumed pavements of Bond Street. And so poor old Lypiatt was on the warpath again, he reflected, as he pushed open the doors of the Albemarle Galleries. Sobbing uncontrollably, Rosie had never in all her life felt less like a great, fastidious lady. Gumbriel and Mrs. Gumbriel finished off his glass. But to-day--well, really, it was only your conversation, Theodore, that made it tolerable." Gumbriel put his hand to his heart and bowed. Out in the gallery, among the boats, the views of the Grand Canal, and the Firth of Forth, Gumbriel placidly ruminated. Like a Veronese," it was saying; "enormous, vehement, a great swirling composition" ('swirling composition'--mentally, the young assistant made a note of that), "but much more serious, of course, much more spiritually significant, much more----" "Lypiatt!" Gumbriel had risen from his chair, had turned, had advanced, holding out his hand. "And when I paint, when I write or improvise my music, it bends the things I have in my mind, it pushes them in one direction, so that everything I do has the look of a tree that streams north-east with all its branches and all its trunk from the root upwards, as though it were trying to run from before the Atlantic gale." Lypiatt stretched out his two hands and, with fingers splayed out to the widest and trembling in the excessive tension of the muscles, moved them slowly upwards and sideways, as though he were running his palms up the stem of a little wind-wizened tree on a hilltop above the ocean. Readable books, amusing conversation, civilized women, graceful art and dry vintage, music, with a quiet life and reasonable comfort--that's \_all\_ I ask for." "Talking about comfort," Gumbriel put in, before Lypiatt had time to fling his answering thunders, "I must tell you about my new invention. They parted near the bottom of the Tottenham Court Road, Lypiatt to go northward to his studio off Maple Street, Gumbriel to pay one of his secret visits to those rooms of his in Great Russell Street. Perhaps he was thinking of her--suspecting her, seeing through the fastidious lady and feeling angry at her attempted deception. "Oh, that!" said Gumbriel rather irritably. Gumbriel drank his gin and Sauterne. "He might really be preoccupied, or asleep, or ill." Gumbriel knocked. Gumbriel Senior turned once more towards his son. "And how do you propose," he asked, "to make this money?" Gumbriel Junior explained. Gumbriel Senior came upstairs again into the big room on the first floor smoothing down his hair, which the impetuosity of his ascent had once more disarranged. Gumbriel lit a pair of candles and put the kettle on the gas ring. Viveash, "we simply must go through Piccadilly Circus." "It'll only be about two miles farther." "Well, that isn't much." Gumbriel leaned out and gave the word to the driver. Genuinely." Gumbriel stopped the cab. The Conquistador, Lypiatt had made it clear, was the Artist, and the Vale of Mexico on which he looked down, the towered cities of Tlacopan and Chalco, of Tenochtitlan and Iztapalapan symbolized--well, it was difficult to say precisely what. "You can't possibly say 'dream,' you know." "Why do you interrupt me?" Lypiatt turned on him angrily. In the doorway Gumbriel Senior was standing, smoothing his ruffled hair and tugging at his beard. "This is Shearwater," Gumbriel Junior put in, and explained who he was. Lypiatt still spoke no word and seemed, indeed, not to have heard what had been said. Viveash, "we simply must go through Piccadilly Circus." "It'll only be about two miles farther."

"Well, that isn't much." Gumbriel leaned out and gave the word to the driver. Genuinely." Gumbriel stopped the cab. It was the clown's doing, and the clown, poor creature, was \_non compos\_, not entirely there, and couldn't be called to account for his actions. CHAPTER II Gumbriel senior occupied a tall, narrow-shouldered and rachitic house in a little obscure square not far from Paddington. Gumbriel was almost the last survivor of the old inhabitants. Over the plushy floors of some vast and ignoble Ritz slowly he walked, at ease, with confidence: over the plushy floors and there, at the end of a long vista, there was Myra Viveash, waiting, this time, for him; coming forward impatiently to meet him, his abject lover now, not the cool, free, laughing mistress who had lent herself contemptuously once to his pathetic and silent importunity and then, after a day, withdrawn the gift again. Over the plushy floors to dine.

"Ass," he said, "be quiet." Lypiatt went on torrentially. Gumbriel finished his chocolate cake, gloomily drank his tea and did not speak. "Emily," he whispered. Gumbriel lay perfectly still, without speaking, waiting in the enchanted timeless darkness. Gumbriel did not attend evening chapel. They lay, thick piles of them, on the floor beside his chair: sixty-three answers to ten questions about the Italian Risorgimento. But to-day--well, really, it was only your conversation, Theodore, that made it tolerable." Gumbriel put his hand to his heart and bowed. "No," Gumbriel answered from his corner. And I've let them have it." "But why?" Gumbriel Junior asked in a tone of astonishment. "Oh, of course." "I believe I know of the very man to do them," Gumbriel went on. Gumbriel was pleased with himself. And I wish them joy of their bottles and their Canadian apples and their muddy table napkins with the beastly folds in them that look like loops of tripe." Once more Lypiatt disintegrated himself with laughter; then was silent. Lypiatt thought a great deal about the ideal artist. "Tell Coleman how you borrowed his beard, Theodore." Gumbriel was looking intently into his glass, as though he hoped to see in its pale mixture of gin and Sauterne visions, as in a crystal, of the future. "I'm glad to see that." "Not v--very kind, I'm af--fraid." She looked at him sideways, and significantly as the fastidious lady would have looked at one of the poets. Gumbriel and Lypiatt and Mr. Gumbriel shook his head and clutched and combed his beard. Lypiatt looked up at her. One doesn't die." Lypiatt was leaning back, staring fixedly up at her. If you wanted me to build you this house, you'd have to live in Barbados or somewhere like that." "There's nothing I should like better," said Gumbriel Junior. Gumbriel sat down again. "All with one voice for the space of about two hours cried out, Great is Diana of the Ephesians." Gumbriel composed himself as comfortably as he could on his oaken seat. Gumbriel pushed a florin under the bars. I told you it was emetic," he called to the young man. "I'm sorry," the young man whispered. Gumbriel finished his chocolate cake, gloomily drank his tea and did not speak. Perhaps he was thinking of her--suspecting her, seeing through the fastidious lady and feeling angry at her attempted deception. Gumbriel had spent the afternoon at Bloxam Gardens. Gumbriel listened, not very attentively. Poor Lypiatt; after all these years, Gumbriel supposed, he must have some doubts about it. Hardly avoidable, indeed, in work of this kind." Quite suddenly, Lypiatt lost his self-control. Lypiatt would make an excellent stage designer." Damn them! Lypiatt thought a great deal about the ideal artist. Gumbriel thought so, at any rate; he thought of the country. "Or there's my place," Gumbriel said abruptly, as though shaking himself awake out of some dream. "Here's to secrecy," Gumbriel proposed. Or rather, I do know," Gumbriel corrected himself, and laughed again. Gumbriel jumped between the horns of the dilemma and voted for other organs. (\_The\_ MONSTER \_climbs on to a chair and stands in the posture of a statue\_.)

Jupiter, father of gods, a man, I bless myself, I throw bolts at my own disobedience, I answer my own prayers, I pronounce oracles to satisfy the questions I myself propound.

Gumbril Senior came upstairs again into the big room on the first floor smoothing down his hair, which the impetuosity of his ascent had once more disarranged. Mercaptan, Lypiatt had gone straight home. "It is unfortunate that when two or three are gathered together in God's name, or even in the more civilized name of Mercaptan of the delicious middle," Mercaptan dexterously parried the prod which Coleman aimed at him, "it is altogether deplorable that they should necessarily empest the air." Lypiatt had turned his eyes heavenwards. "What with Lypiatt on one side, being a muscular Christian artist, and Coleman on the other, howling the black mass....

"Well, I had thought Gumbril Junior hesitated, afraid that he might be going to say something stupid. Once in the past when he had been called upon to make a public speech, he had felt so nervous that he was sick; the thousands who listened to him now bent like wheat under the wind of his eloquence. And he knew how everybody lived, and what it was like to be a mill girl, a dustman, an engine-driver, a Jew, an Anglican bishop, a confidence-trickster. "When we've finished," Gumbril Junior spoke with his mouth full, "you must show Myra your model of London. "Well, as a matter of fact it isn't here." Gumbril Senior pulled with fury at his beard.

Gumbril Junior leaned and looked, like his father.

Gumbril nodded. Lypiatt is to have a show here soon," remarked Gumbril, who had had enough of the boats. "But really," Gumbril insisted, "you can't say 'dream.' Can you now, seriously?" He had drunk the best part of a bottle of Burgundy and he felt good-humoured, obstinate and a little bellicose. "And why not?" Lypiatt asked. Her thinking was always a series of pictures; one after another the pictures swam up before her eyes, melted again in an instant.

It was here, Gumbril reflected, that the Mild and Melancholy one would dumbly have slunk away to his glass of port and his loneliness among the alien toppers at the bar. Lypiatt laughed, rather uncomfortably, and no longer on the Titanic scale. "On the contrary," Gumbril corrected, "how almost completely I fail to recognize. Over the plushy floors of some vast and ignoble Ritz slowly he walked, at ease, with confidence: over the plushy floors and there, at the end of a long vista, there was Myra Viveash, waiting, this time, for him; coming forward impatiently to meet him, his abject lover now, not the cool, free, laughing mistress who had lent herself contemptuously once to his pathetic and silent importunity and then, after a day, withdrawn the gift again. Over the plushy floors to dine. Gumbril turned from the reflection to the reality. You can't say no to Providence." "I must," Gumbril shook his head. "And where are you going in your famous train?"

"Ah again," Gumbril answered. But for Heaven's sake don't make it the staple of education!"

Gumbril Junior spoke with the greatest earnestness, as though he were an inspector of schools, making a report. "Very true," Gumbril Senior applauded. Gumbril Senior got up from his chair and, standing behind them, leant over to elucidate and explain. Do you like it?" Gumbril Junior nodded. Boldero went on so glibly that Gumbril felt sure he must be quoting somebody else's words, "to the great instincts and feelings of humanity.... But Lypiatt still lay, face upwards, on his bed, floating, it seemed to himself, far out into the dark emptinesses between the stars.

Gumbril received them on his balcony with courtesy. I'm delighted." Gumbril Junior went downstairs to see what he could find in the way of food.

Gumbril Junior leaned and looked, like his father. Gumbril had looked at his wrist watch and found that it was six o'clock. And he knew how everybody lived, and what it was like to be a mill

girl, a dustman, an engine-driver, a Jew, an Anglican bishop, a confidence-trickster. Gumbriel." Feeling a little ashamed at having been interrupted in what was, after all, one of the ignobler and more trivial occupations of his new life, Gumbriel went down to his fatty chop and green peas. Gumbriel talked. The ghost of Gumbriel Senior stalked across the room. Pelvey intoned: "The Lord be with you." For prayer, Gumbriel reflected, there would be Dunlop knees. "O Lord, show thy mercy upon us," chanted oboe Pelvey, and Gumbriel trombone responded, profoundly and grotesquely: "And grant us thy salvation." No, the knees were obviously less important, except for people like revivalists and housemaids, than the seat. But let us forget about these old citizens and the labyrinth of ugliness and inconvenience which we have inherited from them, and which is called London. Look." And Gumbriel Senior began expounding it to them. "I've never known a woman like that before." Gumbriel laughed. Most lovers, Gumbriel reflected, picture to themselves, in their mistresses, a secret reality, beyond and different from what they see every day. Over the plushy floors of some vast and ignoble Ritz slowly he walked, at ease, with confidence: over the plushy floors and there, at the end of a long vista, there was Myra Viveash, waiting, this time, for him; coming forward impatiently to meet him, his abject lover now, not the cool, free, laughing mistress who had lent herself contemptuously once to his pathetic and silent importunity and then, after a day, withdrawn the gift again. Over the plushy floors to dine. Gumbriel began dictating. "You don't say so?" Gumbriel was duly impressed.

"That goes without saying," Gumbriel Junior replied.

"It's very odd." "Very odd," Gumbriel Junior echoed. "The fact is, I suppose," Gumbriel Senior went on, smiling with a certain air of personal triumph, "the fact is that architecture is a more difficult and intellectual art than music. If you wanted me to build you this house, you'd have to live in Barbados or somewhere like that." "There's nothing I should like better," said Gumbriel Junior. "Another great advantage of sunny countries," Gumbriel Senior pursued, "is that one can really live like an aristocrat, in privacy, by oneself. That's all I know." "Well, there's no harm in trying." "I'll write to him," said Gumbriel Senior. "For any one with eight or ten thousand to spend, this would be--this would be...." Gumbriel Senior smoothed his hair and hesitated, searching for something strong enough to say of his little idea. Gumbriel had looked at his wrist watch and found that it was six o'clock.

"Love?" "Love!" Lypiatt echoed. Poor Theodore here might possibly think so in his feebleness moments." Gumbriel smiled vaguely from a distance. Gumbriel watched her in an agony of suspense. Gumbriel nodded. Lypiatt went on about the size and universality of the old masters. "Here we are." Gumbriel got out and rang the second floor bell. "And when I paint, when I write or improvise my music, it bends the things I have in my mind, it pushes them in one direction, so that everything I do has the look of a tree that streams north-east with all its branches and all its trunk from the root upwards, as though it were trying to run from before the Atlantic gale." Lypiatt stretched out his two hands and, with fingers splayed out to the widest and trembling in the excessive tension of the muscles, moved them slowly upwards and sideways, as though he were running his palms up the stem of a little wind-wizened tree on a hilltop above the ocean. "And look at this," Lypiatt went on. Gumbriel, we know all about that." Gumbriel made a deprecating gesture. Lypiatt stretched out his hand and fingered the pistol. "And how well and frankly you express what we all feel and lack the courage to say." Lypiatt gave vent to indignant laughter. And that is really intolerable." "How tedious is a guilty conscience!" Gumbriel murmured

the quotation. "It's exquisite," said Gumbriel Junior. The capital of Utopia, or what?" Delighted, Gumbriel Senior laughed. "I am Grimaldi," Gumbriel laughed. I told you it was emetic," he called to the young man. Gumbriel thought so, at any rate; he thought of the country. Gumbriel." Feeling a little ashamed at having been interrupted in what was, after all, one of the ignobler and more trivial occupations of his new life, Gumbriel went down to his fatty chop and green peas.

CHAPTER II Gumbriel senior occupied a tall, narrow-shouldered and rachitic house in a little obscure square not far from Paddington. "Always make a note of it." That was one of the business mottoes he had himself written out so laboriously in Indian ink and old English lettering. Gumbriel had looked at his wrist watch and found that it was six o'clock. You apparently weren't sufficiently interested in anything----" "I am interested in everything," interrupted Gumbriel Junior. "I do a little teaching myself; I must stand up for the profession." Gumbriel Senior let go his beard and brushed back the hair that the wind of his own vehemence had brought tumbling into his eyes. Pelvey intoned: "The Lord be with you." For prayer, Gumbriel reflected, there would be Dunlop knees. You can't say no to Providence." "I must," Gumbriel shook his head. Gumbriel looked at her and was put to shame by the spectacle of her quiet serenity. "It's a lovely picture," Gumbriel went on, loquaciously now, behind her, as they walked down the dark corridor. Suppose we just drove for a bit now." But Gumbriel would not allow that. Gumbriel made an impatient gesture. Lypiatt suddenly burst out laughing, an embittered Titan. Gumbriel frowned at them ferociously. "Another great advantage of sunny countries," Gumbriel Senior pursued, "is that one can really live like an aristocrat, in privacy, by oneself.

As soon as he got to the ganglia, Gumbriel stopped writing. In the basement, two floors down, the cook and the house-parlourmaid were reading--one the Daily Mirror, the other the Daily Sketch. "You don't say so?" Gumbriel was duly impressed.

Lypiatt laughed, rather uncomfortably, and no longer on the Titanic scale. "On the contrary," Gumbriel corrected, "how almost completely I fail to recognize. Gumbriel would get up from his iron chair, stretch his arms and his stiff cold legs and go in through the French window to work. Breaking in unexpectedly at midnight, Gumbriel Junior found them sitting in front of the gas fire in his father's study. You see the line?" Gumbriel saw the line. As a practical business man, I always uphold the ancient universities, especially in their teaching of the Humanities." Gumbriel was much flattered. "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." No, no, Gumbriel preferred to look at the grooved stonework rushing smoothly up on either side of the great east window towards the vaulted roof; preferred to reflect, like the dutiful son of an architect he was, that Perpendicular at its best--and its best is its largest--is the finest sort of English Gothic.

Gumbriel left the shop. In the privacy of his bedroom Gumbriel uncoffined it, held it out for his own admiration, caressed its silkiness and finally tried it on, holding it provisionally to his chin, in front of the looking-glass. Gumbriel laughed too; for this leprechaunish mirth was infectious.

Pretending, he too, to take an interest in the New Season's Models, Gumbriel made, squinting sideways over the burning tip of his cigar, an inventory of her features. And my profession 'as brought me into contact with very numerous specimens." Gumbriel could not help wondering where precisely in Mr. Lypiatt abolished him with a gesture. Gumbriel offered her one of his. Come with me," Gumbriel Senior added, getting up from his chair, "and I'll show you something that will illustrate what I've been saying. The dirty devils!" Gumbriel Senior added good-humouredly. It's going to be terrific." And with the blood beating behind his eyes, with the



exultant consciousness and certainty of power growing and growing in him with every word he spoke, Lypiatt began to describe the pictures there would be at his show; he talked about the preface he was writing to the catalogue, the poems that would be printed in it by way of literary complement to the pictures. But the business-like answer of Appleyard called him back to a better sense of his duty. He was a kindly man, but his intelligence was below the...." Gumbriel laid the paper down and shut his eyes. Out in the gallery, among the boats, the views of the Grand Canal, and the Firth of Forth, Gumbriel placidly ruminated. "No," said Gumbriel Senior with candour. As a practical business man, I always uphold the ancient universities, especially in their teaching of the Humanities." Gumbriel was much flattered. But there might be something in it." Gumbriel shook his head doubtfully. "Aren't they beautiful?" Gumbriel Senior turned enthusiastically towards his son. "Chiefly," said Gumbriel Senior, "because, as I've said before, they didn't know how to think or profit by experience. I stand alone, opposing it with my example." Lypiatt raised his hand. Over the plushy floors to dine. There are infant prodigies in music; but there are no infant prodigies in architecture." Gumbriel Senior chuckled with a real satisfaction. Come with me," Gumbriel Senior added, getting up from his chair, "and I'll show you something that will illustrate what I've been saying. And you, Theodore darling, why do I never see you now?" Gumbriel shrugged his shoulders. Gumbriel performed the introduction in more commonplace style. "I perfectly agree with you, sir," Gumbriel answered. "Or there's my place," Gumbriel said abruptly, as though shaking himself awake out of some dream. "Here's to secrecy," Gumbriel proposed. I said I'd lunch with her on Thursday." Gumbriel felt, all of a sudden, the need to speak confidentially. Boldero was very severe with the waiters and knew so well how things ought to be done at a good restaurant, that Gumbriel felt sure he must recently have lunched with some meticulous gormandizer of the old school. "Do you mean to tell me," he shouted in a perfect frenzy of righteous anger, "that you don't yet know how brandy ought to be drunk?" Perhaps it was only last week that he himself, Gumbriel reflected, had learned to aerate his cognac in Gargantuan beakers. Gumbriel spread out his great-coat on a green bank and they sat down. The capital of Utopia, or what?" Delighted, Gumbriel Senior laughed. "Well, I had thought Gumbriel Junior hesitated, afraid that he might be going to say something stupid. One of these days, Gumbriel reflected, it would be birth control, or the decimal system, or rational dress. Suppose we just drove for a bit now." But Gumbriel would not allow that. I've come to feel lately that I've not been curious enough about people." The particulars began to peep, alive and individual, out of the vagueness, like rabbits; Gumbriel saw them in his fancy, at the fringe of a wood. "That's a process," said Gumbriel, with middle-aged jocularly, speaking out of his private warm morass, "that's commonly called falling in love." There was another silence. Left to himself, Gumbriel sat down and filed his nails. "Let me help you." Gumbriel jumped up as she came into the room. Looking over Coleman's shoulder, Gumbriel could see through the opening a brightly lighted room and, in the middle of it, like a large rectangular island, a wide divan. \_Court Journal.\_" Gumbriel was already tired of this joke. Gumbriel picked it up, executed several passes with it. Gumbriel would get up from his iron chair, stretch his arms and his stiff cold legs and go in through the French window to work. Breaking in unexpectedly at midnight, Gumbriel Junior found them sitting in front of the gas fire in his father's study. "And how do you propose," he asked, "to make this money?" Gumbriel Junior explained. Gumbriel talked. Lypiatt looked up. "But why?" Gumbriel asked. Such dirty, ugly smudges come out on the paper; and it's

all so lovely in my head, so lovely out in the fields." Gumbriel began talking with erudition about the flora of West Surrey: where you could find butterfly orchis and green man and the bee, the wood where there was actually wild columbine growing, the best localities for butcher's broom, the outcrops of clay where you get wild daffodils. Lypiatt laughed till his face was all broken up with the grimace, and proffered for her inspection his bleeding knuckles. An Artist"--he called up that traditional ghost and it comforted him; he wrapped himself with a protective gesture within the ample folds of its bright mantle--"an Artist doesn't fail under unhappiness. Gumbriel had said something, he remembered, that night they had met her by the coffee-stall. Mercaptan, Lypiatt had gone straight home. There are some streets oh, my God!" And Gumbriel Senior threw up his hands in horror. The minds of dogs, Gumbriel reflected, do not benefit by being treated as though they were the minds of men. Gumbriel would lean forward, would strain his eyes and his ears in the hope of seeing, of hearing something--something significant, explanatory, satisfying. "What indeed?" Gumbriel had limped up to the door and stood there, holding it open for her. Porteous's son the other evening--very drunk?" Gumbriel Senior threw up his hands. Bojanus had called them; garments, good Lord!--through the tailor's expert eyes. Gumbriel had looked at his wrist watch and found that it was six o'clock. "Well, then, they should do it where we can see them." "What's he to Hecuba?" "Nothing at all," Gumbriel clownishly sang. Lypiatt hasn't got a style. "You won't force me to change my opinion." Gumbriel smiled at her. "Quite." "And how small the scale is nowadays!" Lypiatt went on, rhapsodically. Lypiatt continued to walk back and forth, waving his arms as he walked. Gumbriel shook his head and clutched and combed his beard. There!" Gumbriel Senior interrupted himself, holding up his hand. Bojanus's fitting-room, Gumbriel examined his profile, his back view. Gumbriel hoisted himself to his feet; the folds of his B.A. "You don't mean to say your friend is also called Mercaptan and lives here too?" Rosie smiled. In the Riviera." It was there, under the palms, among the gaudy melon flowers and the croupiers that the fastidious lady had last held her salon of young poets.

You apparently weren't sufficiently interested in anything----" "I am interested in everything," interrupted Gumbriel Junior.

Gumbriel repeated with vehemence. Gumbriel watched her in an agony of suspense. Gumbriel nodded. And that is really intolerable." "How tedious is a guilty conscience!" Gumbriel murmured the quotation. "I should think so." Gumbriel's answer was rather dim and remote. Nil this Gumbriel whose arm is round one's waist, whose feet step in and out among one's own. I don't like to associate with boors." The fastidious lady had selected him as a young poet, not as a ploughboy. Shearwater's at the lavatory," she said, in answer to Gumbriel's question. Suppose we just drove for a bit now." But Gumbriel would not allow that. Readable books, amusing conversation, civilized women, graceful art and dry vintage, music, with a quiet life and reasonable comfort--that's \_all\_ I ask for." "Talking about comfort," Gumbriel put in, before Lypiatt had time to fling his answering thunders, "I must tell you about my new invention. I look about me," and Lypiatt cast his eyes wildly round the crowded room, "and I find myself alone, spiritually alone. "But really," Gumbriel insisted, "you can't say 'dream.' Can you now, seriously?" He had drunk the best part of a bottle of Burgundy and he felt good-humoured, obstinate and a little bellicose. "And why not?" Lypiatt asked. Like a Veronese," it was saying; "enormous, vehement, a great swirling composition" ('swirling composition'--mentally, the young assistant made a note of that), "but much more serious, of course, much more spiritually significant, much

more----" "Lypiatt!" Gumbriel had risen from his chair, had turned, had advanced, holding out his hand. "So I see." Gumbriel spoke as sarcastically as he could. Her thinking was always a series of pictures; one after another the pictures swam up before her eyes, melted again in an instant. "It came to me this morning," he said, "in chapel, during service." "Monstrous," put in Gumbriel Senior, with a genuine indignation, "monstrous these mediaeval survivals in schools! Chapel, indeed!" "It came," Gumbriel Junior went on, "like an apocalypse, suddenly, like a divine inspiration. Gumbriel told the anecdote about Jo Peters, Connie Asticot and Jim Baum. Perhaps the Life of Gumbriel will be as manifestly an ersatz as the Life of Beethoven. And why didn't you just pay no attention to me and go all the same?" "I didn't tell you," Gumbriel answered, "because, then, I didn't know. "I thought of giving myself a farewell banquet," Gumbriel went on. Preserving a calm of expression which was quite unnatural to him, and speaking in a studiously quiet voice, Lypiatt pronounced with careful deliberation: "It is a disgusting, malicious, ignoble attack on me," he said. It will most assuredly not." Gumbriel Senior shook his head. Gumbriel said nothing, but catching sight once more of his own side view, nodded a dubious agreement. "But if you'll pardon my saying so, we are not African negroes." Gumbriel was crushed, deservedly. "It is unfortunate that when two or three are gathered together in God's name, or even in the more civilized name of Mercaptan of the delicious middle," Mercaptan dexterously parried the prod which Coleman aimed at him, "it is altogether deplorable that they should necessarily empest the air." Lypiatt had turned his eyes heavenwards. These little accidents did nothing, however, to damp his affection for the birds; and still on every evening that could possibly be called fine, he was always to be seen in the twilight, sitting on the balcony, gazing up, round-spectacled and rapt, at the fourteen plane trees. Gumbriel would get up from his iron chair, stretch his arms and his stiff cold legs and go in through the French window to work. And I've tried very hard to make him like Latin." "Well in any case," said Gumbriel Junior, "you didn't try to feed him on history. But for Heaven's sake don't make it the staple of education!" Gumbriel Junior spoke with the greatest earnestness, as though he were an inspector of schools, making a report. The easel stood near the centre of the studio; round it Lypiatt kept a space permanently cleared. "Don't rush in," he called back to his son, "for God's sake don't rush in. Like the colossal writing of Darius, like the figures graven in the bald face of the precipice over Behistun--unexpected and beautiful and human, human in the surrounding emptiness." Gumbriel Senior brushed back his hair and turned, smiling, to look at his son over the top of his spectacles. Thin-limbed, bent and agile in his loose, crumpled clothes, Gumbriel Senior had the air, beside Mr. "And why not?" Lypiatt asked. "Oh, because one simply can't." Gumbriel leaned back in his chair, smiled and caressed his drooping blond moustache. Gumbriel performed the introduction in more commonplace style. His father had gone out to dine, and Gumbriel had eaten his rump steak and drunk his bottle of stout alone. There's nothing like a personality in the whole thing." Lypiatt laughed derisively, and his face went all to pieces, like a pool of water into which a stone is suddenly dropped. Hardly avoidable, indeed, in work of this kind." Quite suddenly, Lypiatt lost his self-control. These little accidents did nothing, however, to damp his affection for the birds; and still on every evening that could possibly be called fine, he was always to be seen in the twilight, sitting on the balcony, gazing up, round-spectacled and rapt, at the fourteen plane trees. Gumbriel would get up from his iron chair, stretch his arms and his stiff cold legs and go in through the French window to work. Gumbriel Junior leaned and looked, like his father. "Hell and death!" said

Gumbril Senior in an outburst of Elizabethan fury. Gumbril burst out ferociously laughing. "Quite." "And how small the scale is nowadays!" Lypiatt went on, rhapsodically. I stand alone, opposing it with my example." Lypiatt raised his hand. Later on, however, when Gumbril and Mrs. Pretending, he too, to take an interest in the New Season's Models, Gumbril made, squinting sideways over the burning tip of his cigar, an inventory of her features. Such hair as Gumbril could see beneath her hat was pale and inconspicuously blond. Gumbril would lean forward, would strain his eyes and his ears in the hope of seeing, of hearing something--something significant, explanatory, satisfying. Gumbril took off his hat, breathed the soft air that smelt of the greenness of the garden. Gumbril spread out his great-coat on a green bank and they sat down. "What indeed?" Gumbril had limped up to the door and stood there, holding it open for her. Shut up in his room all day, Lypiatt had been writing--writing his whole life, all his ideas and ideals, all for Myra. "Like everybody else," said Gumbril irritatingly. He told Gumbril all about it--in Gumbril's own words. But for Heaven's sake don't make it the staple of education!" Gumbril Junior spoke with the greatest earnestness, as though he were an inspector of schools, making a report. Ha, ha!" And Lypiatt laughed his loud Titan's laugh, the laugh of cynicism which seems to belie, but which, for those who have understanding, reveals the high, positive spirit within. Gumbril--the great and necessary revolution, as Alderman Beckford called it--it won't be the owning of a little money that'll get a man into trouble. A grand and luminous idea came to me--the idea of Gumbril's Patent Small-Clothes." "And what are Gumbril's Patent Small-Clothes?" "A boon to those whose occupation is sedentary"; Gumbril Junior had already composed his prospectus and his first advertisements: "a comfort to all travellers, civilization's substitute for steatopygism, indispensable to first-nighters, the concert-goers' friend, the...." "Lectulus Dei floridus," intoned Mr.

"Always make a note of it." That was one of the business mottoes he had himself written out so laboriously in Indian ink and old English lettering. Poor Lypiatt; after all these years, Gumbril supposed, he must have some doubts about it. "Pleased?" exclaimed Lypiatt; "I should think I was." Gumbril might have reminded him that he had been as well pleased in the past and that 'they' had by no means been bowled over. How simple to spit on the floors of churches! Gumbril shook his head. Lypiatt was aware of it. Gumbril shook his head and clutched and combed his beard. We might suggest that to Casimir." Lypiatt stood with folded arms by the window, listening. Gumbril had given him a brief lecture; before the savoury had appeared on the table, Mr. Boldero was very severe with the waiters and knew so well how things ought to be done at a good restaurant, that Gumbril felt sure he must recently have lunched with some meticulous gormandizer of the old school. And Gumbril did. "My dear fellow, what on earth are you doing here?" Gumbril Senior jumped up excitedly at his son's entrance. Gumbril frowned at them ferociously. The minds of dogs, Gumbril reflected, do not benefit by being treated as though they were the minds of men. And that is really intolerable." "How tedious is a guilty conscience!" Gumbril murmured the quotation. Your small-clothes sound to me very like one of my old litanies, Theodore." "We want scientific descriptions, not litanies," said Gumbril Senior. "What \_are\_ Gumbril's Patent Small-Clothes?" "Scientifically, then," said Gumbril Junior, "my Patent Small-Clothes may be described as trousers with a pneumatic seat, inflateable by means of a tube fitted with a valve; the whole constructed of stout seamless red rubber, enclosed between two layers of cloth." "I must say," said Gumbril Senior on a tone of somewhat grudging

approbation, "I have heard of worse inventions. Gumbriel settled down to talk and Mrs. Gumbriel talked. And when, in Piccadilly, a belated and still unsuccessful prostitute sidled out of the darkness, as he strode by unseeing in his misery when she squeaked up at him a despairing "Cheer up, duckie," Lypiatt suddenly threw up his head and laughed titanically, with the terrible bitterness of a noble soul in pain. Looking over Coleman's shoulder, Gumbriel could see through the opening a brightly lighted room and, in the middle of it, like a large rectangular island, a wide divan. Gumbriel felt positively indignant; not jealous, but astonished and righteously indignant. Pelvey intoned: "The Lord be with you." For prayer, Gumbriel reflected, there would be Dunlop knees. From the world of tailors Gumbriel passed into that of the artificial pearl merchants and with a still keener appreciation of the amorous qualities of this clear spring day, he began a leisured march along the perfumed pavements of Bond Street. "Hell and death!" said Gumbriel Senior in an outburst of Elizabethan fury. Gumbriel snorted with indignation. In the doorway Gumbriel Senior was standing, smoothing his ruffled hair and tugging at his beard. "This is Shearwater," Gumbriel Junior put in, and explained who he was. But what's happened to it?" Gumbriel Senior wouldn't explain. Later on, however, when Gumbriel and Mrs. "There is a greater danger in letting them stagnate and atrophy," Lypiatt retorted. Out in the gallery, among the boats, the views of the Grand Canal, and the Firth of Forth, Gumbriel placidly ruminated. Mercaptan against the world that had neglected him, against the fate that had denied him his rightful share of talent, Lypiatt sprang up and, seizing the author of the "Jus Primae Noctis" by the shoulders, he shook him, he bumped him up and down in his chair, he cuffed him over the head. Scuffling like hobbledehoys." "If you knew," Lypiatt began; but he checked himself. "How revolting this sham cottage furniture is," Gumbriel remarked. "There is a greater danger in letting them stagnate and atrophy," Lypiatt retorted. Gumbriel, to \_wear\_ these these garments?" Guiltily, Gumbriel denied himself. Gumbriel--the great and necessary revolution, as Alderman Beckford called it--it won't be the owning of a little money that'll get a man into trouble. "I am Grimaldi," Gumbriel laughed. "\_Le Reve\_--ah!" Lypiatt dropped his knife and fork with a clatter and leaned forward, eager for battle. The Complete Man lifted her up, walked across the room carrying the fastidious lady in his arms and deposited her on the rosy catafalque of the bed. Gumbriel listened, not very attentively. His business," Gumbriel Senior hesitated. "And it's my firm belief," said Gumbriel Senior, adding notes to his epic, "that they make use of some sort of telepathy, some kind of direct mind-to-mind communication between themselves. Gumbriel halted, looked round, came smiling to meet her. "Am I of evil omen?" "Unfortunate," Gumbriel explained, "because I've got to catch a train and can't profit by this meeting." "Ah no, Theodore," said Mrs. "O Lord, have mercy upon us: have mercy upon us." Gumbriel shrugged his shoulders and looked round the chapel at the faces of the boys. "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." No, no, Gumbriel preferred to look at the grooved stonework rushing smoothly up on either side of the great east window towards the vaulted roof; preferred to reflect, like the dutiful son of an architect he was, that Perpendicular at its best--and its best is its largest--is the finest sort of English Gothic. "I am Grimaldi," Gumbriel laughed. I told you it was emetic," he called to the young man. Porteous, "one must be really interested in money." "And he's not," said Gumbriel Senior. Gumbriel Senior turned once more towards his son. "No," said Gumbriel Senior with candour. Gumbriel did not attend evening chapel. They lay, thick piles of them, on the floor beside his chair: sixty-three answers to ten questions about the Italian Risorgimento.

Porteous, "one must be really interested in money." "And he's not," said Gumbriel Senior. Gumbriel Senior turned once more towards his son. Sobbing uncontrollably, Rosie had never in all her life felt less like a great, fastidious lady. Gumbriel laughed too. You see the line?" Gumbriel saw the line. Gumbriel said nothing, but catching sight once more of his own side view, nodded a dubious agreement. "But if you'll pardon my saying so, we are not African negroes." Gumbriel was crushed, deservedly. "No," said Gumbriel Senior with candour. "Conscience doth make cowards of us all." The fastidious lady only contemptuously smiled. Gumbriel finished his chocolate cake, gloomily drank his tea and did not speak. Gumbriel remembered also his own fiver. Gumbriel was delighted.

"And when I paint, when I write or improvise my music, it bends the things I have in my mind, it pushes them in one direction, so that everything I do has the look of a tree that streams north-east with all its branches and all its trunk from the root upwards, as though it were trying to run from before the Atlantic gale." Lypiatt stretched out his two hands and, with fingers splayed out to the widest and trembling in the excessive tension of the muscles, moved them slowly upwards and sideways, as though he were running his palms up the stem of a little wind-wizened tree on a hilltop above the ocean. And Buonarrotti here would paint an allegorical picture of it and write an epic called 'The Ignoble Savage.' And Castor Fiber would come and sound its kidneys and investigate its sexual instincts. And Gumbriel would make it a pair of patent trousers. Bojanus, who had been watching his client in silence and with a polite but also, Gumbriel could not help feeling, a somewhat ironical smile, coughed. Gumbriel said nothing, but catching sight once more of his own side view, nodded a dubious agreement. Out in the gallery, among the boats, the views of the Grand Canal, and the Firth of Forth, Gumbriel placidly ruminated.

"Well, then, they should do it where we can see them." "What's he to Hecuba?" "Nothing at all," Gumbriel clownishly sang. He gave Gumbriel a heroic blow on the shoulder. "I thought of giving myself a farewell banquet," Gumbriel went on. Your small-clothes sound to me very like one of my old litanies, Theodore." "We want scientific descriptions, not litanies," said Gumbriel Senior. Viveash, "we simply must go through Piccadilly Circus." "It'll only be about two miles farther." "Well, that isn't much." Gumbriel leaned out and gave the word to the driver. Lypiatt continued to walk back and forth, waving his arms as he walked. Lypiatt sighed. Gumbriel offered her one of his. Gumbriel Senior listened, enchanted. "No," said Gumbriel Senior with candour. But in mind, Gumbriel found, after having seen him once or twice, he was like a caterpillar: he ate all that was put before him, he consumed a hundred times his own mental weight every day.

"I do a little teaching myself; I must stand up for the profession." Gumbriel Senior let go his beard and brushed back the hair that the wind of his own vehemence had brought tumbling into his eyes. I wasted a lot of time finding out how to set to work and where to discover what I wanted." Gumbriel Junior was lighting his pipe. And that is really intolerable." "How tedious is a guilty conscience!" Gumbriel murmured the quotation. "I should think so." Gumbriel's answer was rather dim and remote. Gumbriel finished off his glass. But to-day--well, really, it was only your conversation, Theodore, that made it tolerable." Gumbriel put his hand to his heart and bowed. Gumbriel finished his chocolate cake, gloomily drank his tea and did not speak. One of these days, Gumbriel reflected, it would be birth control, or the decimal system, or rational dress. "Give a brief account of the character and career of Pope Pius IX, \_with dates wherever possible\_."

Gumbril leaned back in his chair and thought of his own character, with dates.

That's all I know." "Well, there's no harm in trying." "I'll write to him," said Gumbril Senior.

Perhaps he was thinking of her--suspecting her, seeing through the fastidious lady and feeling angry at her attempted deception. Gumbril looked at her and was put to shame by the spectacle of her quiet serenity.

Left to himself, Gumbril sat down and filed his nails. Lypiatt got up and crept to the window.

"There is a greater danger in letting them stagnate and atrophy," Lypiatt retorted. "At meal-times!" The fastidious lady had to draw the line at these ill-timed, tumbling familiarities.

"Still," Gumbril went on, "I must be at Charing Cross by two, you know." "But we're lunching at Verrey's." Gumbril shook his head. I see." She felt uncomfortably that the fastidious lady had not quite lived up to her character.

"Yes, the cow was in the best pantomime tradition," Gumbril agreed. "But why?" Gumbril asked. Such dirty, ugly smudges come out on the paper; and it's all so lovely in my head, so lovely out in the fields." Gumbril began talking with erudition about the flora of West Surrey: where you could find butterfly orchis and green man and the bee, the wood where there was actually wild columbine growing, the best localities for butcher's broom, the outcrops of clay where you get wild daffodils. CHAPTER I Gumbril, Theodore Gumbril Junior, B.A. Gumbril Senior listened, enchanted. And now he came to look at him more closely, this young Gumbril was a great, hulking, dangerous-looking fellow. Gumbril left the office with Mr. He wrote several encyclicals and a syllabus." Gumbril admired the phrase about less than average intelligence; Falarope Major should have at least one mark for having learnt it so well by heart.

"If you have a card, sir." Gumbril searched his pockets. Gumbril began dictating. Later on, however, when Gumbril and Mrs. And I've let them have it." "But why?" Gumbril Junior asked in a tone of astonishment. Bojanus had called them; garments, good Lord!--through the tailor's expert eyes. "Who are you?" Lypiatt asked, reopening his eyes. Gumbril Junior leaned and looked, like his father. Bojanus's fitting-room, Gumbril examined his profile, his back view. And I've tried very hard to make him like Latin." "Well in any case," said Gumbril Junior, "you didn't try to feed him on history. But for Heaven's sake don't make it the staple of education!" Gumbril Junior spoke with the greatest earnestness, as though he were an inspector of schools, making a report. And my profession 'as brought me into contact with very numerous specimens."

Gumbril could not help wondering where precisely in Mr. Feathers wouldn't give the genius, but they'd magnify the effect of what there was." Gumbril got up and began to divest himself of the Small-Clothes. Albemarle's private room Casimir Lypiatt thumped the table. "Well," said Lypiatt at last--he had stood there, motionless, for a long time, biting his nails, "I suppose we'd better begin our sitting." He picked up the unfinished portrait and adjusted it on the easel.

"And talking about bad times, Theodore, what do you propose to do now, may I ask?" "I mean to begin by making some money." Gumbril Senior put his hands on his knees, bent forward and laughed, "Ha, ha, ha!" He had a profound bell-like laugh that was like the croaking of a very large and melodious frog. Porteous, "one must be really interested in money." "And he's not," said Gumbril Senior.

In him, however, Gumbril had to admit, the opulence seemed a little misplaced and paradoxical. Bojanus, who had been watching his client in silence and with a polite but also, Gumbril could not help feeling, a somewhat ironical smile, coughed. "All the same," said Gumbril with a

cheerful stubbornness, "I persist that the word 'dreams' is inadmissible." "\_Inadmissible\_" repeated Mr. Gumbriel and Lypiatt and Mr. "All with one voice for the space of about two hours cried out, Great is Diana of the Ephesians." Gumbriel composed himself as comfortably as he could on his oaken seat.

If you wanted me to build you this house, you'd have to live in Barbados or somewhere like that." "There's nothing I should like better," said Gumbriel Junior. "Another great advantage of sunny countries," Gumbriel Senior pursued, "is that one can really live like an aristocrat, in privacy, by oneself. There's nothing like a personality in the whole thing." Lypiatt laughed derisively, and his face went all to pieces, like a pool of water into which a stone is suddenly dropped. Hardly avoidable, indeed, in work of this kind." Quite suddenly, Lypiatt lost his self-control. Gumbriel took off his hat, breathed the soft air that smelt of the greenness of the garden. Gumbriel spread out his great-coat on a green bank and they sat down. "You can't possibly say 'dream,' you know." "Why do you interrupt me?" Lypiatt turned on him angrily. There are infant prodigies in music; but there are no infant prodigies in architecture." Gumbriel Senior chuckled with a real satisfaction. Come with me," Gumbriel Senior added, getting up from his chair, "and I'll show you something that will illustrate what I've been saying. Pretending, he too, to take an interest in the New Season's Models, Gumbriel made, squinting sideways over the burning tip of his cigar, an inventory of her features. Gumbriel could never imagine. You can't say no to Providence." "I must," Gumbriel shook his head. Gumbriel felt that she was trembling; trembling, a sharp involuntary start, a little shudder, another start. With a sigh of disgusted weariness, Gumbriel looked at his papers. Gumbriel had looked at his wrist watch and found that it was six o'clock.

As soon as he got to the ganglia, Gumbriel stopped writing. Gumbriel found himself in the midst of a dismal collection of etchings. Pelvey intoned: "The Lord be with you." For prayer, Gumbriel reflected, there would be Dunlop knees. Gumbriel was quite disappointed when his visitor began to talk of other themes than Rosie. "How revolting this sham cottage furniture is," Gumbriel remarked. Later on, however, when Gumbriel and Mrs. "It came to me this morning," he said, "in chapel, during service." "Monstrous," put in Gumbriel Senior, with a genuine indignation, "monstrous these mediaeval survivals in schools! Chapel, indeed!" "It came," Gumbriel Junior went on, "like an apocalypse, suddenly, like a divine inspiration. It's going to be terrific." And with the blood beating behind his eyes, with the exultant consciousness and certainty of power growing and growing in him with every word he spoke, Lypiatt began to describe the pictures there would be at his show; he talked about the preface he was writing to the catalogue, the poems that would be printed in it by way of literary complement to the pictures.

Gumbriel--the great and necessary revolution, as Alderman Beckford called it--it won't be the owning of a little money that'll get a man into trouble.

Mercaptan, Lypiatt had gone straight home. Outside in the mews a barrel-organ struck up the tune of 'Where do flies go in the winter-time?' Lypiatt lifted his head to listen. Shearwater," Myra called expiringly. Gumbriel talked. The ghost of Gumbriel Senior stalked across the room. Lypiatt set the pace, striding along at a great rate and with a magnificent brutality through the elegant and leisured crowd, gesticulating and loudly talking as he went.

Lypiatt shook his head. Should we say next Tuesday?" "Let us say next Tuesday." Gumbriel opened the shop door. It might be worse." They drew up chairs to Gumbriel Senior's work-table,



and there, among the letters and the unpaid bills and the sketchy elevations of archiducal palaces, they ate the beef and the apple-pie, and drank the one-and-ninepenny \_vin ordinaire\_ of the house. Gumbriel Senior, who had already supped, looked on at them from the balcony. He got up from before his writing-desk, crossed the room and sat down beside her on Crebillon. Gumbriel had said something, he remembered, that night they had met her by the coffee-stall. And I've tried very hard to make him like Latin." "Well in any case," said Gumbriel Junior, "you didn't try to feed him on history. Gumbriel Junior reappeared; glasses clinked as he walked, and there was a little rattle of crockery. Gumbriel Senior listened, enchanted. "No," said Gumbriel Senior with candour. One could fancy that Lypiatt had been engaged in recognizing himself. The husband kneels beside it. Gumbriel offered her one of his. "\_Merci\_," Gumbriel bowed. Viveash, "we simply must go through Piccadilly Circus." "It'll only be about two miles farther." "Well, that isn't much." Gumbriel leaned out and gave the word to the driver. Genuinely." Gumbriel stopped the cab. "There is a greater danger in letting them stagnate and atrophy," Lypiatt retorted. Out in the gallery, among the boats, the views of the Grand Canal, and the Firth of Forth, Gumbriel placidly ruminated.

"When we've finished," Gumbriel Junior spoke with his mouth full, "you must show Myra your model of London.

But let us forget about these old citizens and the labyrinth of ugliness and inconvenience which we have inherited from them, and which is called London.

Sobbing uncontrollably, Rosie had never in all her life felt less like a great, fastidious lady.

Mercaptan, Lypiatt had gone straight home. Outside in the mews a barrel-organ struck up the tune of 'Where do flies go in the winter-time?' Lypiatt lifted his head to listen. Like a Veronese," it was saying; "enormous, vehement, a great swirling composition" ('swirling composition'--mentally, the young assistant made a note of that), "but much more serious, of course, much more spiritually significant, much more----" "Lypiatt!" Gumbriel had risen from his chair, had turned, had advanced, holding out his hand.

Lypiatt continued to walk back and forth, waving his arms as he walked. Lypiatt ran down after him; but Mr. Boldero had picked himself up, had opened the front door, slipped out, slammed it behind him, and was running up the mews before Lypiatt could get to the bottom of the stairs.

A day, Gumbriel reflected, as he strolled idly along, to be in love. Gumbriel had been brought up among these blessed beings; but he was not one of them. "None whatever." "But Liberty," Gumbriel suggested, "equality and all that. Not properly." Gumbriel Senior smiled rather sadly.

"Don't rush in," he called back to his son, "for God's sake don't rush in. "And it's my firm belief," said Gumbriel Senior, adding notes to his epic, "that they make use of some sort of telepathy, some kind of direct mind-to-mind communication between themselves. The shop, he noticed, was called 'Ye Olde Farme House.' The stranger, who had been on the point of saying how much she liked those lovely Old Welsh dressers, gave him her heartiest agreement. She saw in a flash the fastidious lady that she now was--with Louis whatever-it-was furniture at home, and jewels, and young poets to tea, and real artists.

Gumbriel Junior leaned and looked, like his father. Gumbriel pushed a florin under the bars. One could fancy that Lypiatt had been engaged in recognizing himself. It was only by imploring, only by almost weeping himself, that Gumbriel persuaded her to revoke her decision never, never to see him again. Gumbriel smiled. Gumbriel turned from the reflection to the reality. Gumbriel

mentioned your name and suggested I should come and see you to find out if you would perhaps be agreeable to lending us your talent for this work. Viveash--"I feel that you would be eminently capable of...." He did not finish the sentence; for at this moment Lypiatt leapt up from his chair and, making a shrill, inarticulate, animal noise, rushed on the financier, seized him with both hands by the throat, shook him, threw him to the floor, then picked him up again by the coat collar and pushed him towards the door, kicking him as he went. "Yes, the cow was in the best pantomime tradition," Gumbriel agreed. "Charming!" Gumbriel protested. Gumbriel Senior turned once more towards his son. "It's appalling, it's horrible," said Gumbriel at last, after a long, long silence, during which he had, indeed, been relishing to the full the horror of it all. "Those people at the coffee-stall," Gumbriel answered. Gumbriel felt thankful that Mr. Gumbriel come and see him?

"Well, I had thought Gumbriel Junior hesitated, afraid that he might be going to say something stupid. He gave Gumbriel a heroic blow on the shoulder. The minds of dogs, Gumbriel reflected, do not benefit by being treated as though they were the minds of men.

"Like everybody else," said Gumbriel irritatingly. After tea you open the cottage piano," and suiting his action to the words, Gumbriel sat down at the long-tailed Bluthner, "and you play, you play." Very slowly and with parodied expressiveness he played the opening theme of the Arietta. "O Lord, show thy mercy upon us," chanted oboe Pelvey, and Gumbriel trombone responded, profoundly and grotesquely: "And grant us thy salvation." No, the knees were obviously less important, except for people like revivalists and housemaids, than the seat. "You borrowed it, did you?" Lypiatt contemptuously repeated. Mercaptan, "it was from our friend Myra Viveash." Lypiatt stood for a moment without speaking, then putting his menacing hand in his pocket, he turned away. Gumbriel gave a little skip to get himself into step with his companion. Gumbriel said nothing. "Here's to secrecy," Gumbriel proposed. Or rather, I do know," Gumbriel corrected himself, and laughed again. Gumbriel could never imagine. "I'm glad to see that." "Not v--very kind, I'm af--fraid." She looked at him sideways, and significantly as the fastidious lady would have looked at one of the poets. It was here, Gumbriel reflected, that the Mild and Melancholy one would dumbly have slunk away to his glass of port and his loneliness among the alien toppers at the bar. Gumbriel caressed his beard. "How revolting this sham cottage furniture is," Gumbriel remarked.

Gumbriel offered her one of his. But there might be something in it." Gumbriel shook his head doubtfully. It was the best place in the world, Lypiatt used to say, for studying aerial perspective; that was why he lived there. Viveash did not answer him, but stepped forward to meet the newcomers. Preserving a calm of expression which was quite unnatural to him, and speaking in a studiedly quiet voice, Lypiatt pronounced with careful deliberation: "It is a disgusting, malicious, ignoble attack on me," he said. Porteous, "one must be really interested in money." "And he's not," said Gumbriel Senior. Gumbriel Senior turned once more towards his son. Gumbriel and Mrs. "What's the time?" Gumbriel looked at his watch. "You express so exquisitely what we----" and waving her hand in a comprehensive gesture, she pictured to herself all the other fastidious ladies, all the marchionesses of fable, reclining, as she herself at this moment reclined, on upholstery of white satin, "what we all only feel and aren't clever enough to say." Mr. He got up from before his writing-desk, crossed the room and sat down beside her on Crebillon. "You express so exquisitely what we----" and waving her hand in a comprehensive

gesture, she pictured to herself all the other fastidious ladies, all the marchionesses of fable, reclining, as she herself at this moment reclined, on upholstery of white satin, "what we all only feel and aren't clever enough to say." Mr. He got up from before his writing-desk, crossed the room and sat down beside her on Crebillon. Gumbriel looked at his watch.

Also a little of he hesitated, trying to think of the name of that other fellow Gumbriel had talked about. Boldero looked inquiringly at Lypiatt to see if that was right. In the doorway Gumbriel Senior was standing, smoothing his ruffled hair and tugging at his beard. "This is Shearwater," Gumbriel Junior put in, and explained who he was. Lypiatt suddenly burst out laughing, an embittered Titan. "I shan't do it, you know." Gumbriel was not wholly reassured. He told Gumbriel all about it--in Gumbriel's own words. Your small-clothes sound to me very like one of my old litanies, Theodore." "We want scientific descriptions, not litanies," said Gumbriel Senior. "What \_are\_ Gumbriel's Patent Small-Clothes?" "Scientifically, then," said Gumbriel Junior, "my Patent Small-Clothes may be described as trousers with a pneumatic seat, inflateable by means of a tube fitted with a valve; the whole constructed of stout seamless red rubber, enclosed between two layers of cloth." "I must say," said Gumbriel Senior on a tone of somewhat grudging approbation, "I have heard of worse inventions. I told you it was emetic," he called to the young man. "Fish suppers," Gumbriel quoted jovially from the Restoration, "fish suppers will make a man hop like a flea." Through the whole meal he clowning away in the most inimitable style. "Ah, but the history of the young woman who was married four years ago," exclaimed Gumbriel with clownish rapture, "and remains to this day a virgin--what an episode in my memoirs!" In the enchanted darkness he had learned her young body. Bojanus called it, a very neat toga in real West Country whipcord. At the first tobacconist's Gumbriel bought the longest cigar he could find, and trailing behind him expiring blue wreaths of Cuban smoke, he made his way slowly and with an ample swagger towards the Park. Between the broad double-doors through which the horses passed to their fodder and repose were little narrow human doors--for the Yahoos, Lypiatt used to say in his large allusive way; and when he said it he laughed with the loud and bell-mouthed cynicism of one who sees himself as a misunderstood and embittered Prometheus. Gumbriel and Mrs. "What's the time?" Gumbriel looked at his watch. Gumbriel was quite disappointed when his visitor began to talk of other themes than Rosie. What could he be getting at, Gumbriel wondered? Boldero had picked himself up, had opened the front door, slipped out, slammed it behind him, and was running up the mews before Lypiatt could get to the bottom of the stairs. Lypiatt opened the door and looked out. Over the plushy floors to dine. "They used to have such good peep-shows in this street," Gumbriel tenderly remembered: "Little back shops where you paid twopence to see the genuine mermaid, which turned out to be a stuffed walrus, and the tattooed lady, and the dwarf, and the living statuary, which one always hoped, as a boy, was really going to be rather naked and thrilling, but which was always the most pathetic of unemployed barmaids, dressed in the thickest of pink Jaeger." "Do you think there'd be any of those now?" asked Mrs. Gumbriel shook his head. "It's a lovely picture," Gumbriel went on, loquaciously now, behind her, as they walked down the dark corridor. Gumbriel and Mrs. The curtains looped up at either side had slid down, cutting it off from the rest of the room--"making two worlds," Gumbriel elegantly and allusively put it, "where only one grew before--and one of them a better world," he added too philosophically, "because unreal." There was the theatrical silence, the suspense. "All with one voice for the space of about two hours cried out, Great is

Diana of the Ephesians." Gumbriel composed himself as comfortably as he could on his oaken seat. Later on, however, when Gumbriel and Mrs. He nudged Gumbriel with his elbow. Should we say next Tuesday?" "Let us say next Tuesday." Gumbriel opened the shop door.

Mercaptan to his rococo boudoir, his sweet barocco bedroom in Sloane Street; Coleman and Zoe towards goodness only knew what scenes of intimate life in Pimlico; Lypiatt to his studio off the Tottenham Court Road, alone, silently brooding and perhaps too consciously bowed with unhappiness. "Very fine," Gumbriel Junior nodded to him. "And when I think of Brunelleschi!" Gumbriel Senior went on to remember with passion the architect who had suspended on eight thin flying ribs of marble the lightest of all domes and the loveliest. And Gumbriel would make it a pair of patent trousers. "I say," he called after the retreating pink kimono. CHAPTER I Gumbriel, Theodore Gumbriel Junior, B.A.

Viveash, "we simply must go through Piccadilly Circus." "It'll only be about two miles farther." "Well, that isn't much." Gumbriel leaned out and gave the word to the driver. Gumbriel left the office with Mr. Gumbriel had spent the afternoon at Bloxam Gardens. "You don't mean to say your friend is also called Mercaptan and lives here too?" Rosie smiled. "You express so exquisitely what we----" and waving her hand in a comprehensive gesture, she pictured to herself all the other fastidious ladies, all the marchionesses of fable, reclining, as she herself at this moment reclined, on upholstery of white satin, "what we all only feel and aren't clever enough to say." Mr. Lypiatt did not speak, but walked out into the hall. He had called a special master's meeting at the end of last term to tell them all about the Risorgimento. One of these days, Gumbriel reflected, it would be birth control, or the decimal system, or rational dress. "Am I of evil omen?" "Unfortunate," Gumbriel explained, "because I've got to catch a train and can't profit by this meeting." "Ah no, Theodore," said Mrs. You can't say no to Providence." "I must," Gumbriel shook his head. Gumbriel felt thankful that Mr. He gave Gumbriel a heroic blow on the shoulder. "He is altogether too impatient and enthusiastic for us poor people a ducal smile of condescension accompanied this graceful act of self-abasement "who move in the prosaic, practical, workaday world." Lypiatt laughed, a loud, discordant peal. Gumbriel made an impatient gesture. You apparently weren't sufficiently interested in anything----" "I am interested in everything," interrupted Gumbriel Junior. You, no doubt, my dear Theodore, have often in the past made a fool of yourself with women...." Gumbriel Junior made an embarrassed gesture that half denied, half admitted the soft impeachment.

"It came to me this morning," he said, "in chapel, during service." "Monstrous," put in Gumbriel Senior, with a genuine indignation, "monstrous these mediaeval survivals in schools! Chapel, indeed!" "It came," Gumbriel Junior went on, "like an apocalypse, suddenly, like a divine inspiration.

And I've tried very hard to make him like Latin." "Well in any case," said Gumbriel Junior, "you didn't try to feed him on history. Viveash--" "I feel that you would be eminently capable of...." He did not finish the sentence; for at this moment Lypiatt leapt up from his chair and, making a shrill, inarticulate, animal noise, rushed on the financier, seized him with both hands by the throat, shook him, threw him to the floor, then picked him up again by the coat collar and pushed him towards the door, kicking him as he went. Gumbriel Senior turned once more towards his son. "And how do you propose," he asked, "to make this money?" Gumbriel Junior explained. And he knew how everybody lived, and what it was like to be a mill girl, a dustman,

an engine-driver, a Jew, an Anglican bishop, a confidence-trickster. Gumbriel." Feeling a little ashamed at having been interrupted in what was, after all, one of the ignobler and more trivial occupations of his new life, Gumbriel went down to his fatty chop and green peas. Gumbriel took off his hat, breathed the soft air that smelt of the greenness of the garden. With raised eyebrows Gumbriel looked over Mrs. Gumbriel still questioningly looked. Viveash--"I feel that you would be eminently capable of...." He did not finish the sentence; for at this moment Lypiatt leapt up from his chair and, making a shrill, inarticulate, animal noise, rushed on the financier, seized him with both hands by the throat, shook him, threw him to the floor, then picked him up again by the coat collar and pushed him towards the door, kicking him as he went. Gumbriel felt thankful that Mr. Perhaps he was thinking of her--suspecting her, seeing through the fastidious lady and feeling angry at her attempted deception. Gumbriel looked at her and was put to shame by the spectacle of her quiet serenity. In him, however, Gumbriel had to admit, the opulence seemed a little misplaced and paradoxical. Gumbriel sat down again. The torture makes him sweat new masterpieces...." He began to talk about his books, his poems and pictures; all the great things in his head, the things he had already done. Pelvey, "for our good always, that he might preserve us alive, as it is at this day." And had he kept his promise, Gumbriel wondered, had he preserved himself alive? Clew, pointing to one of the thoughts with which Lypiatt had prefaced his catalogue. Lypiatt hasn't got a style. Gumbriel hoisted himself to his feet; the folds of his B.A. "I've never known a woman like that before." Gumbriel laughed. Most lovers, Gumbriel reflected, picture to themselves, in their mistresses, a secret reality, beyond and different from what they see every day. He was a kindly man, but his intelligence was below the...." Gumbriel laid the paper down and shut his eyes. Over the plushy floors of some vast and ignoble Ritz slowly he walked, at ease, with confidence: over the plushy floors and there, at the end of a long vista, there was Myra Viveash, waiting, this time, for him; coming forward impatiently to meet him, his abject lover now, not the cool, free, laughing mistress who had lent herself contemptuously once to his pathetic and silent importunity and then, after a day, withdrawn the gift again. A grand and luminous idea came to me--the idea of Gumbriel's Patent Small-Clothes." "And what are Gumbriel's Patent Small-Clothes?" "A boon to those whose occupation is sedentary"; Gumbriel Junior had already composed his prospectus and his first advertisements: "a comfort to all travellers, civilization's substitute for steatopygism, indispensable to first-nighters, the concert-goers' friend, the...." "Lectulus Dei floridus," intoned Mr. "O Lord, show thy mercy upon us," chanted oboe Pelvey, and Gumbriel trombone responded, profoundly and grotesquely: "And grant us thy salvation." No, the knees were obviously less important, except for people like revivalists and housemaids, than the seat. To this passion of one who cries out, to this obscure and angry argument with fate how would they, Gumbriel wondered, how would they have tripped it? It's unhappy music, but it made me happy." Gumbriel hailed a cab and gave the address of his rooms in Great Russell Street. Boldero had picked himself up, had opened the front door, slipped out, slammed it behind him, and was running up the mews before Lypiatt could get to the bottom of the stairs. "Good lord!" cried Gumbriel, letting himself fall on to the couch beside Mrs. A desiccating sobriety made arid the corner of the third-class carriage in which Gumbriel was sitting. Viveash did not answer him, but stepped forward to meet the newcomers. And you, Theodore darling, why do I never see you now?" Gumbriel shrugged his shoulders. "It's called 'The Sermon on the Mount,'" she said. Bojanus's fitting-room, Gumbriel examined his profile, his

back view. And Buonarrotti here would paint an allegorical picture of it and write an epic called 'The Ignoble Savage.' And Castor Fiber would come and sound its kidneys and investigate its sexual instincts. And Gumbriel would make it a pair of patent trousers. "Charming!" Gumbriel stuck to his guns. Milton called them that; he should have known. "Conscience doth make cowards of us all." The fastidious lady only contemptuously smiled. Gumbriel finished his chocolate cake, gloomily drank his tea and did not speak. Gumbriel frowned at them ferociously. Not properly." Gumbriel Senior smiled rather sadly. "Don't rush in," he called back to his son, "for God's sake don't rush in.

There are infant prodigies in music; but there are no infant prodigies in architecture." Gumbriel Senior chuckled with a real satisfaction.

Gumbriel Senior swept on. As soon as he got to the ganglia, Gumbriel stopped writing.

Gumbriel would have liked to give him full marks. "It's exquisite," said Gumbriel Junior. I see." She felt uncomfortably that the fastidious lady had not quite lived up to her character. But Lypiatt still lay, face upwards, on his bed, floating, it seemed to himself, far out into the dark emptinesses between the stars. Looking over Coleman's shoulder, Gumbriel could see through the opening a brightly lighted room and, in the middle of it, like a large rectangular island, a wide divan.

Porteous?" "Thank you, invariably well." "Well, well," said Gumbriel Senior, sitting down again, "I must say I'm not surprised. "Oh, because one simply can't." Gumbriel leaned back in his chair, smiled and caressed his drooping blond moustache. "Not in this year of grace, nineteen twenty-two." "But why?" Lypiatt repeated, with exasperation. His business," Gumbriel Senior hesitated. Bojanus, why are you so anxious to have a revolution?" Gumbriel inquired. Gumbriel, 'oo knows?" "Who indeed?" Gumbriel looked at his watch. "It's a lovely picture," Gumbriel went on, loquaciously now, behind her, as they walked down the dark corridor. There's nothing like a personality in the whole thing." Lypiatt laughed derisively, and his face went all to pieces, like a pool of water into which a stone is suddenly dropped. Hardly avoidable, indeed, in work of this kind." Quite suddenly, Lypiatt lost his self-control. Gumbriel Junior looked at his watch. But Gumbriel had taken it all in long ago. Oh, how her heart was beating, how hard it was to be the fastidious lady, calmly satisfying her caprice. Gumbriel." Feeling a little ashamed at having been interrupted in what was, after all, one of the ignobler and more trivial occupations of his new life, Gumbriel went down to his fatty chop and green peas. "Always the same people," complained Mrs. "Nor can tigresses." He had begun to pace up and down the unobstructed fairway between his easel and the door; Lypiatt liked pacing while he talked. "The fact is, I suppose," Gumbriel Senior went on, smiling with a certain air of personal triumph, "the fact is that architecture is a more difficult and intellectual art than music.

From the world of tailors Gumbriel passed into that of the artificial pearl merchants and with a still keener appreciation of the amorous qualities of this clear spring day, he began a leisured march along the perfumed pavements of Bond Street. Gumbriel performed the introduction in more commonplace style. "Well, this would be much too good for most of the greasy devils who do have eight or ten thousand to spend." He passed the sheet to Gumbriel Junior, who held it out so that both Mr. Gumbriel Senior got up from his chair and, standing behind them, leant over to elucidate and explain. "All the same," said Gumbriel with a cheerful stubbornness, "I persist that the word 'dreams' is inadmissible." "\_Inadmissible\_" repeated Mr. Gumbriel and Lypiatt and Mr. "\_No\_ education can be called \_complete\_ without a knowledge of that divine book." He darted

to the bookshelf and came back with a small volume bound in white vellum. And I've let them have it." "But why?" Gumbriel Junior asked in a tone of astonishment. Gumbriel Senior sighed. A day, Gumbriel reflected, as he strolled idly along, to be in love. From the world of tailors Gumbriel passed into that of the artificial pearl merchants and with a still keener appreciation of the amorous qualities of this clear spring day, he began a leisured march along the perfumed pavements of Bond Street. Gumbriel burst out ferociously laughing. CHAPTER VI It was between Whitefield Street and the Tottenham Court Road, in a 'heavenly Mews,' as he liked to call it (for he had a characteristic weakness for philosophical paronomasia), that Casimir Lypiatt lived and worked. The husband kneels beside it. Good Lord!" and Lypiatt seized the proffered hand with an excruciating cordiality. Lypiatt," he added richly, "has the true artistic temp----" "It's going to be magnificent." Lypiatt could not wait till Mr. It's going to be terrific." And with the blood beating behind his eyes, with the exultant consciousness and certainty of power growing and growing in him with every word he spoke, Lypiatt began to describe the pictures there would be at his show; he talked about the preface he was writing to the catalogue, the poems that would be printed in it by way of literary complement to the pictures.

"What with Lypiatt on one side, being a muscular Christian artist, and Coleman on the other, howling the black mass.... "Well, I'm damned," said Gumbriel as they approached. Bojanus, why are you so anxious to have a revolution?" Gumbriel inquired. Gumbriel, 'oo knows?" "Who indeed?" Gumbriel looked at his watch. He may be composing poetry." Gumbriel laughed. We might suggest that to Casimir." Lypiatt stood with folded arms by the window, listening. Gumbriel had looked at his wrist watch and found that it was six o'clock.

"Beautiful," Gumbriel Junior agreed. Like the colossal writing of Darius, like the figures graven in the bald face of the precipice over Behistun--unexpected and beautiful and human, human in the surrounding emptiness." Gumbriel Senior brushed back his hair and turned, smiling, to look at his son over the top of his spectacles. Lypiatt would make an excellent stage designer." Damn them! Mercaptan against the world that had neglected him, against the fate that had denied him his rightful share of talent, Lypiatt sprang up and, seizing the author of the "Jus Primae Noctis" by the shoulders, he shook him, he bumped him up and down in his chair, he cuffed him over the head. CHAPTER VI It was between Whitefield Street and the Tottenham Court Road, in a 'heavenly Mews,' as he liked to call it (for he had a characteristic weakness for philosophical paronomasia), that Casimir Lypiatt lived and worked. It was the best place in the world, Lypiatt used to say, for studying aerial perspective; that was why he lived there. The Conquistador, Lypiatt had made it clear, was the Artist, and the Vale of Mexico on which he looked down, the towered cities of Tlacopan and Chalco, of Tenochtitlan and Iztapalapan symbolized--well, it was difficult to say precisely what. Gumbriel had spent the afternoon at Bloxam Gardens. (\_The\_ MONSTER \_climbs on to a chair and stands in the posture of a statue\_) Jupiter, father of gods, a man, I bless myself, I throw bolts at my own disobedience, I answer my own prayers, I pronounce oracles to satisfy the questions I myself propound.

I see." She felt uncomfortably that the fastidious lady had not quite lived up to her character.

"What induced you to follow me?" With a single comprehensive gesture, Gumbriel indicated the sun, the sky, the green trees airily glittering, the grass, the emerald lights and violet shadows of the rustic distance. An Artist"--he called up that traditional ghost and it comforted him; he wrapped himself with a protective gesture within the ample folds of its bright mantle--"an Artist

doesn't fail under unhappiness. The torture makes him sweat new masterpieces...." He began to talk about his books, his poems and pictures; all the great things in his head, the things he had already done. But Gumbriel had paid no attention to them. As soon as he got to the ganglia, Gumbriel stopped writing. It suddenly occurred to Gumbriel that this was Rosie's husband: he had not thought of that before. "What else was there for me to do?" asked Gumbriel Junior, pulling up a chair towards the fire. "You don't mean to say your friend is also called Mercaptan and lives here too?" Rosie smiled. "You express so exquisitely what we----" and waving her hand in a comprehensive gesture, she pictured to herself all the other fastidious ladies, all the marchionesses of fable, reclining, as she herself at this moment reclined, on upholstery of white satin, "what we all only feel and aren't clever enough to say." Mr. "Conscience doth make cowards of us all." The fastidious lady only contemptuously smiled. "It's a lovely picture," Gumbriel went on, loquaciously now, behind her, as they walked down the dark corridor. But Gumbriel had taken it all in long ago. These little accidents did nothing, however, to damp his affection for the birds; and still on every evening that could possibly be called fine, he was always to be seen in the twilight, sitting on the balcony, gazing up, round-spectacled and rapt, at the fourteen plane trees. Gumbriel would get up from his iron chair, stretch his arms and his stiff cold legs and go in through the French window to work. "It came to me this morning," he said, "in chapel, during service." "Monstrous," put in Gumbriel Senior, with a genuine indignation, "monstrous these mediaeval survivals in schools! "Like everybody else," said Gumbriel irritatingly. The dirty devils!" Gumbriel Senior added good-humouredly. Gumbriel Junior wondered, without very much curiosity, what the new toy would turn out to be. He was a kindly man, but his intelligence was below the...." Gumbriel laid the paper down and shut his eyes. Over the plushy floors of some vast and ignoble Ritz slowly he walked, at ease, with confidence: over the plushy floors and there, at the end of a long vista, there was Myra Viveash, waiting, this time, for him; coming forward impatiently to meet him, his abject lover now, not the cool, free, laughing mistress who had lent herself contemptuously once to his pathetic and silent importunity and then, after a day, withdrawn the gift again. "Can it be Bruin Opps?" said Gumbriel dubiously. "Very true," Gumbriel Senior applauded. "And talking about bad times, Theodore, what do you propose to do now, may I ask?" "I mean to begin by making some money." Gumbriel Senior put his hands on his knees, bent forward and laughed, "Ha, ha, ha!" He had a profound bell-like laugh that was like the croaking of a very large and melodious frog. How simple to spit on the floors of churches! Gumbriel shook his head. Gumbriel would get up from his iron chair, stretch his arms and his stiff cold legs and go in through the French window to work. But you always felt about poor Lypiatt that he was facing misfortune with a jest a little too self-consciously. I told you it was emetic," he called to the young man. Looking at him, Gumbriel Junior could imagine that he saw before him the passionate and gesticulating silhouette of one of those old shepherds who stand at the base of Piranesi's ruins demonstrating obscurely the prodigious grandeur and the abjection of the human race. Gumbriel nodded. Boldero looked inquiringly at Lypiatt to see if that was right. Lypiatt still spoke no word and seemed, indeed, not to have heard what had been said.

"They used to have such good peep-shows in this street," Gumbriel tenderly remembered: "Little back shops where you paid twopence to see the genuine mermaid, which turned out to be a stuffed walrus, and the tattooed lady, and the dwarf, and the living statuary, which one always



hoped, as a boy, was really going to be rather naked and thrilling, but which was always the most pathetic of unemployed barmaids, dressed in the thickest of pink Jaeger." "Do you think there'd be any of those now?" asked Mrs. Gumbriel did not attend evening chapel. Chapel, indeed!" "It came," Gumbriel Junior went on, "like an apocalypse, suddenly, like a divine inspiration. Standing on the platform, Gumbriel made a complicated pantomime, signifying his regret by shrugging his shoulders and placing his hand on his heart; urging in excuse for his abrupt departure the necessity under which he laboured of alighting at this particular station--which he did by pointing at the name on the boards and lamps, then at himself, then at the village across the fields. Gumbriel warmed to his anecdote. Lypiatt stretched out his hand and fingered the pistol.

One of these days, Gumbriel reflected, it would be birth control, or the decimal system, or rational dress. "Give a brief account of the character and career of Pope Pius IX, \_with dates wherever possible\_." Gumbriel leaned back in his chair and thought of his own character, with dates. "The fact is, I suppose," Gumbriel Senior went on, smiling with a certain air of personal triumph, "the fact is that architecture is a more difficult and intellectual art than music.

Gumbriel sat down again. Gumbriel and Mrs. Albemarle's private room Casimir Lypiatt thumped the table. "All the same," said Gumbriel with a cheerful stubbornness, "I persist that the word 'dreams' is inadmissible." "\_Inadmissible\_," repeated Mr. Gumbriel and Lypiatt and Mr. Look." And Gumbriel Senior began expounding it to them. Hush." Gumbriel Senior threw back his head, pressed his hand over his mouth, as though by commanding silence on himself he could command it on the whole world. Lypiatt still spoke no word and seemed, indeed, not to have heard what had been said. Or rather, I do know," Gumbriel corrected himself, and laughed again. "Tell Coleman how you borrowed his beard, Theodore." Gumbriel was looking intently into his glass, as though he hoped to see in its pale mixture of gin and Sauterne visions, as in a crystal, of the future. Gumbriel spread out his great-coat on a green bank and they sat down. "I'm sorry," the young man whispered. At the first tobacconist's Gumbriel bought the longest cigar he could find, and trailing behind him expiring blue wreaths of Cuban smoke, he made his way slowly and with an ample swagger towards the Park.

Gumbriel settled down to talk and Mrs. Lypiatt would make an excellent stage designer." Damn them! Mercaptan against the world that had neglected him, against the fate that had denied him his rightful share of talent, Lypiatt sprang up and, seizing the author of the "Jus Primae Noctis" by the shoulders, he shook him, he bumped him up and down in his chair, he cuffed him over the head. Bojanus had called them; garments, good Lord!--through the tailor's expert eyes. Gumbriel, to \_wear\_ these these garments?" Guiltily, Gumbriel denied himself. But to-day--well, really, it was only your conversation, Theodore, that made it tolerable." Gumbriel put his hand to his heart and bowed. "Love?" "Love!" Lypiatt echoed. Poor Theodore here might possibly think so in his feeble moments." Gumbriel smiled vaguely from a distance. I wasted a lot of time finding out how to set to work and where to discover what I wanted." Gumbriel Junior was lighting his pipe. Gumbriel did not attend evening chapel. Thin-limbed, bent and agile in his loose, crumpled clothes, Gumbriel Senior had the air, beside Mr. Gumbriel Junior shrugged his shoulders. There's nothing like a personality in the whole thing." Lypiatt laughed derisively, and his face went all to pieces, like a pool of water into which a stone is suddenly dropped. Gumbriel Senior got up from his chair and, standing behind them, leant over to elucidate and explain.

"What else was there for me to do?" asked Gumbriel Junior, pulling up a chair towards the fire.

"There is a greater danger in letting them stagnate and atrophy," Lypiatt retorted. Hardly avoidable, indeed, in work of this kind." Quite suddenly, Lypiatt lost his self-control. Lypiatt would make an excellent stage designer." Damn them! Lypiatt went on about the size and universality of the old masters. They parted near the bottom of the Tottenham Court Road, Lypiatt to go northward to his studio off Maple Street, Gumbriel to pay one of his secret visits to those rooms of his in Great Russell Street. I wasted a lot of time finding out how to set to work and where to discover what I wanted." Gumbriel Junior was lighting his pipe. CHAPTER II Gumbriel senior occupied a tall, narrow-shouldered and rachitic house in a little obscure square not far from Paddington. For good example's sake, Gumbriel opened and closed his mouth; noiselessly, however. Jolly blew the two sumptuous jets of reverence into the air; Gumbriel accompanied them with all his heart. "Well, as a matter of fact it isn't here." Gumbriel Senior pulled with fury at his beard.

He had called a special master's meeting at the end of last term to tell them all about the Risorgimento. One of these days, Gumbriel reflected, it would be birth control, or the decimal system, or rational dress. "I've never known a woman like that before." Gumbriel laughed. He gave Gumbriel a heroic blow on the shoulder. "Nor can tigresses." He had begun to pace up and down the unobstructed fairway between his easel and the door; Lypiatt liked pacing while he talked. "Like everybody else," said Gumbriel irritably. "Give a brief account of the character and career of Pope Pius IX, \_with dates wherever possible\_." Gumbriel leaned back in his chair and thought of his own character, with dates. With a sigh of disgusted weariness, Gumbriel looked at his papers. "Who are you?" Lypiatt asked, reopening his eyes. And of Wren and of Palladio, when I think of all these----" Gumbriel Senior waved his arms and was silent.

"That's a process," said Gumbriel, with middle-aged jocularity, speaking out of his private warm morass, "that's commonly called falling in love." There was another silence. Gumbriel took off his hat, breathed the soft air that smelt of the greenness of the garden. Gumbriel spread out his great-coat on a green bank and they sat down. "We haven't had enough to eat yet," he said, and he gave the cabman Gumbriel Senior's address. Gumbriel Senior was sitting on his little iron balcony among the dried-out pots that had once held geraniums, smoking his pipe and looking earnestly out into the darkness in front of him. Such hair as Gumbriel could see beneath her hat was pale and inconspicuously blond. The stranger gave him no opportunity, and indeed, Gumbriel reflected, how should she? "And when I think of Brunelleschi!" Gumbriel Senior went on to remember with passion the architect who had suspended on eight thin flying ribs of marble the lightest of all domes and the loveliest.

Gumbriel and I have gone into together. Gumbriel continued his lullaby-soliloquy. "Does one look such a guy?" Lypiatt threw open the door at the head of the stairs and stood there on the threshold, waiting for her.

Gumbriel listened, not very attentively. Poor Lypiatt; after all these years, Gumbriel supposed, he must have some doubts about it. "No," Gumbriel answered from his corner. Lypiatt is to have a show here soon," remarked Gumbriel, who had had enough of the boats. "You don't say so?" Gumbriel was duly impressed.

And you must really love them as much as I do." Gumbriel did not deny it; they were linked henceforth by a chain of flowers. Gumbriel did not attend evening chapel. They lay, thick piles of

them, on the floor beside his chair: sixty-three answers to ten questions about the Italian Risorgimento. "I am Grimaldi," Gumbriel laughed.

"Always make a note of it." That was one of the business mottoes he had himself written out so laboriously in Indian ink and old English lettering. Milton called them that; he should have known. "It has always struck me as very curious," Gumbriel Senior went on, "that people are so little affected by the vile and discordant architecture around them. It's odd," said Gumbriel Senior. Lypiatt is to have a show here soon," remarked Gumbriel, who had had enough of the boats. Lypiatt abolished him with a gesture. And Buonarrotti here would paint an allegorical picture of it and write an epic called 'The Ignoble Savage.' And Castor Fiber would come and sound its kidneys and investigate its sexual instincts. Gumbriel and Mrs. "Always the same people," complained Mrs. Gumbriel jumped between the horns of the dilemma and voted for other organs. "Charming!" Gumbriel protested. "Charming!" Gumbriel stuck to his guns. It's odd," said Gumbriel Senior. It's going to be terrific." And with the blood beating behind his eyes, with the exultant consciousness and certainty of power growing and growing in him with every word he spoke, Lypiatt began to describe the pictures there would be at his show; he talked about the preface he was writing to the catalogue, the poems that would be printed in it by way of literary complement to the pictures.

Lypiatt would make an excellent stage designer." Damn them! Over the plushy floors to dine. "What with Lypiatt on one side, being a muscular Christian artist, and Coleman on the other, howling the black mass.... Gumbriel sat down again. "All with one voice for the space of about two hours cried out, Great is Diana of the Ephesians." Gumbriel composed himself as comfortably as he could on his oaken seat. Gumbriel shook his head and clutched and combed his beard. There!" Gumbriel Senior interrupted himself, holding up his hand. "Very fine," Gumbriel Junior nodded to him. If you wanted me to build you this house, you'd have to live in Barbados or somewhere like that." "There's nothing I should like better," said Gumbriel Junior. A grand and luminous idea came to me--the idea of Gumbriel's Patent Small-Clothes." "And what are Gumbriel's Patent Small-Clothes?" "A boon to those whose occupation is sedentary"; Gumbriel Junior had already composed his prospectus and his first advertisements: "a comfort to all travellers, civilization's substitute for steatopygism, indispensable to first-nighters, the concert-goers' friend, the...." "Lectulus Dei floridus," intoned Mr. And why didn't you just pay no attention to me and go all the same?" "I didn't tell you," Gumbriel answered, "because, then, I didn't know. "I thought of giving myself a farewell banquet," Gumbriel went on. Standing on the platform, Gumbriel made a complicated pantomime, signifying his regret by shrugging his shoulders and placing his hand on his heart; urging in excuse for his abrupt departure the necessity under which he laboured of alighting at this particular station--which he did by pointing at the name on the boards and lamps, then at himself, then at the village across the fields. The old gentleman waved his hand, which still held, Gumbriel noticed, the notebook in which he had been writing. "I shan't do it, you know." Gumbriel was not wholly reassured. Gumbriel had been brought up among these blessed beings; but he was not one of them. Out in the gallery, among the boats, the views of the Grand Canal, and the Firth of Forth, Gumbriel placidly ruminated. Like a Veronese," it was saying; "enormous, vehement, a great swirling composition" ('swirling composition'--mentally, the young assistant made a note of that), "but much more serious, of course, much more spiritually significant, much more----" "Lypiatt!" Gumbriel had risen from his

chair, had turned, had advanced, holding out his hand. Breaking in unexpectedly at midnight, Gumbriel Junior found them sitting in front of the gas fire in his father's study. "Am I of evil omen?" "Unfortunate," Gumbriel explained, "because I've got to catch a train and can't profit by this meeting." "Ah no, Theodore," said Mrs. You can't say no to Providence." "I must," Gumbriel shook his head. Lypiatt went on about the size and universality of the old masters. She saw in a flash the fastidious lady that she now was--with Louis whatever-it-was furniture at home, and jewels, and young poets to tea, and real artists.

His father had gone out to dine, and Gumbriel had eaten his rump steak and drunk his bottle of stout alone. Her thinking was always a series of pictures; one after another the pictures swam up before her eyes, melted again in an instant. "How revolting this sham cottage furniture is," Gumbriel remarked. The shop, he noticed, was called 'Ye Olde Farme House.' The stranger, who had been on the point of saying how much she liked those lovely Old Welsh dressers, gave him her heartiest agreement. Bolshevism, she called it. Lypiatt will bear me out, I'm sure." He turned to the thin man, who had not moved from the fireplace, but had stood all the time motionlessly, his elbow on the mantelpiece, looking gloomily at the ground. Lypiatt walked slowly back to his bed. Lypiatt would make an excellent stage designer." Damn them! Mercaptan against the world that had neglected him, against the fate that had denied him his rightful share of talent, Lypiatt sprang up and, seizing the author of the "Jus Primae Noctis" by the shoulders, he shook him, he bumped him up and down in his chair, he cuffed him over the head. Gumbriel Junior shrugged his shoulders.

It was Odo of Cluny, wasn't it, who called woman a *\_saccus stercoris\_*, a bag of muck. And I've tried very hard to make him like Latin." "Well in any case," said Gumbriel Junior, "you didn't try to feed him on history. But for Heaven's sake don't make it the staple of education!" Gumbriel Junior spoke with the greatest earnestness, as though he were an inspector of schools, making a report. "There are two wretched people here," and Gumbriel told them breathlessly, what he had overheard. Gumbriel shook his head dubiously and buttoned up his trousers. Gumbriel left the shop. Gumbriel began dictating. Happening to look out of the window at this moment, Gumbriel saw the name of the place painted across a lamp. She saw in a flash the fastidious lady that she now was--with Louis whatever-it-was furniture at home, and jewels, and young poets to tea, and real artists. "I'm glad to see that." "Not v--very kind, I'm af--raid." She looked at him sideways, and significantly as the fastidious lady would have looked at one of the poets.

"They used to have such good peep-shows in this street," Gumbriel tenderly remembered: "Little back shops where you paid twopence to see the genuine mermaid, which turned out to be a stuffed walrus, and the tattooed lady, and the dwarf, and the living statuary, which one always hoped, as a boy, was really going to be rather naked and thrilling, but which was always the most pathetic of unemployed barmaids, dressed in the thickest of pink Jaeger." "Do you think there'd be any of those now?" asked Mrs. Later on, however, when Gumbriel and Mrs. And I've let them have it." "But why?" Gumbriel Junior asked in a tone of astonishment. "They used to have such good peep-shows in this street," Gumbriel tenderly remembered: "Little back shops where you paid twopence to see the genuine mermaid, which turned out to be a stuffed walrus, and the tattooed lady, and the dwarf, and the living statuary, which one always hoped, as a boy, was really going to be rather naked and thrilling, but which was always the most pathetic of unemployed barmaids, dressed in the thickest of pink Jaeger." "Do you think there'd be any of

those now?" asked Mrs. Gumbriel shook his head. "At meal-times!" The fastidious lady had to draw the line at these ill-timed, tumbling familiarities. "Can it be Bruin Opps?" said Gumbriel dubiously. Gumbriel left the office with Mr. Gumbriel was quite disappointed when his visitor began to talk of other themes than Rosie. What could he be getting at, Gumbriel wondered? Or rather, I do know," Gumbriel corrected himself, and laughed again. "\_Le Reve\_--ah!" Lypiatt dropped his knife and fork with a clatter and leaned forward, eager for battle. "\_Court Journal.\_" Gumbriel was already tired of this joke. Gumbriel picked it up, executed several passes with it. "And it's my firm belief," said Gumbriel Senior, adding notes to his epic, "that they make use of some sort of telepathy, some kind of direct mind-to-mind communication between themselves. "It's a faculty," Gumbriel Senior went on, "we all possess, I believe. Left to himself, Gumbriel sat down and filed his nails. Gumbriel Senior listened, enchanted. "No," said Gumbriel Senior with candour. "But \_why\_ is it too late?" Lypiatt insisted. For good example's sake, Gumbriel opened and closed his mouth; noiselessly, however. "You don't mean to say your friend is also called Mercaptan and lives here too?" Rosie smiled. He got up from before his writing-desk, crossed the room and sat down beside her on Crebillon. Gumbriel had said something, he remembered, that night they had met her by the coffee-stall. "They used to have such good peep-shows in this street," Gumbriel tenderly remembered: "Little back shops where you paid twopence to see the genuine mermaid, which turned out to be a stuffed walrus, and the tattooed lady, and the dwarf, and the living statuary, which one always hoped, as a boy, was really going to be rather naked and thrilling, but which was always the most pathetic of unemployed barmaids, dressed in the thickest of pink Jaeger." "Do you think there'd be any of those now?" asked Mrs. But for Heaven's sake don't make it the staple of education!" Gumbriel Junior spoke with the greatest earnestness, as though he were an inspector of schools, making a report.

"Hideous to think that people actually live in places like this," Gumbriel was saying. Gumbriel laughed too; for this leprechaunish mirth was infectious. Gumbriel laughed too. Lypiatt looked first at her, then at his picture. It will most assuredly not." Gumbriel Senior shook his head. Gumbriel and I have gone into together. Emily lifted her knees, slid her feet in under the sheet, then stretched herself out beside him, her body, in the narrow bed, touching his. Gumbriel felt that she was trembling; trembling, a sharp involuntary start, a little shudder, another start. It's unhappy music, but it made me happy." Gumbriel hailed a cab and gave the address of his rooms in Great Russell Street. Gumbriel lit a pair of candles and put the kettle on the gas ring. In either case, I shall make money, which is more, I may say, than you or any other Gumbriel have ever done." "Quite right," said Gumbriel Senior, "quite right"; and he laughed very cheerfully.

Left to himself, Gumbriel sat down and filed his nails. "Good lord!" cried Gumbriel, letting himself fall on to the couch beside Mrs. A desiccating sobriety made arid the corner of the third-class carriage in which Gumbriel was sitting. Gumbriel settled down to talk and Mrs. Gumbriel talked. Gumbriel lay perfectly still, without speaking, waiting in the enchanted timeless darkness. It's so impossible to find anything now." Gumbriel leaned back in his corner, wondering, as he studied that averted profile, who or what this young woman could be. The maisonnette in Bloxam Gardens was certainly not very splendid--six rooms on the second and third floors of a peeling stucco house. Your small-clothes sound to me very like one of my old litanies, Theodore." "We want scientific descriptions, not litanies," said Gumbriel Senior. "What \_are\_ Gumbriel's Patent Small-Clothes?" "Scientifically, then," said Gumbriel Junior, "my Patent Small-Clothes may be

described as trousers with a pneumatic seat, inflateable by means of a tube fitted with a valve; the whole constructed of stout seamless red rubber, enclosed between two layers of cloth." "I must say," said Gumbriel Senior on a tone of somewhat grudging approbation, "I have heard of worse inventions. "On the contrary," Gumbriel corrected, "how almost completely I fail to recognize. Lypiatt shook his head.

Gumbriel laughed too; for this leprechaunish mirth was infectious. "And how well and frankly you express what we all feel and lack the courage to say." Lypiatt gave vent to indignant laughter. Happening to look out of the window at this moment, Gumbriel saw the name of the place painted across a lamp. Standing on the platform, Gumbriel made a complicated pantomime, signifying his regret by shrugging his shoulders and placing his hand on his heart; urging in excuse for his abrupt departure the necessity under which he laboured of alighting at this particular station--which he did by pointing at the name on the boards and lamps, then at himself, then at the village across the fields. "If you have a card, sir." Gumbriel searched his pockets. Gumbriel began dictating. Lypiatt would make an excellent stage designer." Damn them! "Oh, that!" said Gumbriel rather irritably. Gumbriel drank his gin and Sauterne. "And when I paint, when I write or improvise my music, it bends the things I have in my mind, it pushes them in one direction, so that everything I do has the look of a tree that streams north-east with all its branches and all its trunk from the root upwards, as though it were trying to run from before the Atlantic gale." Lypiatt stretched out his two hands and, with fingers splayed out to the widest and trembling in the excessive tension of the muscles, moved them slowly upwards and sideways, as though he were running his palms up the stem of a little wind-wizened tree on a hilltop above the ocean. Most lovers, Gumbriel reflected, picture to themselves, in their mistresses, a secret reality, beyond and different from what they see every day. Perhaps he was thinking of her--suspecting her, seeing through the fastidious lady and feeling angry at her attempted deception. Gumbriel warmed to his anecdote. Lypiatt walked slowly back to his bed. He wished suddenly that he had gone down to answer the last knock. Gumbriel repeated with vehemence. You can't say no to Providence." "I must," Gumbriel shook his head. Gumbriel shook his head dubiously and buttoned up his trousers. "Well, I'm damned," said Gumbriel as they approached. "And this is London." "I wish it were," Gumbriel Junior laughed. Gumbriel settled down to talk and Mrs. Gumbriel talked. "I say," he called after the retreating pink kimono. Shearwater's at the lavatory," she said, in answer to Gumbriel's question. "No," Gumbriel answered from his corner. It seems a very long time ago, don't you think?" "Does it?" Gumbriel shrugged his shoulders. "Beautiful," Gumbriel Junior agreed. Like the colossal writing of Darius, like the figures graven in the bald face of the precipice over Behistun--unexpected and beautiful and human, human in the surrounding emptiness." Gumbriel Senior brushed back his hair and turned, smiling, to look at his son over the top of his spectacles. Gumbriel was wearing for the occasion the sample pair of Small-Clothes which Mr. "Nor can tigresses." He had begun to pace up and down the unobstructed fairway between his easel and the door; Lypiatt liked pacing while he talked. "What's the time?" Gumbriel looked at his watch. "And when I think of Brunelleschi!" Gumbriel Senior went on to remember with passion the architect who had suspended on eight thin flying ribs of marble the lightest of all domes and the loveliest. Gumbriel felt positively indignant; not jealous, but astonished and righteously indignant. Gumbriel turned from the reflection to the reality. Gumbriel had again shown himself wonderfully at home. "It has always struck me as very

curious," Gumbрил Senior went on, "that people are so little affected by the vile and discordant architecture around them. It's odd," said Gumbрил Senior. The stranger gave him no opportunity, and indeed, Gumbрил reflected, how should she? Gumbрил smiled. "And where are you going in your famous train?" "Ah again," Gumbрил answered. "Ass," he said, "be quiet." Lypiatt went on torrentially. Gumbрил Junior leaned and looked, like his father. Gumbрил halted, looked round, came smiling to meet her. "Am I of evil omen?" "Unfortunate," Gumbрил explained, "because I've got to catch a train and can't profit by this meeting." "Ah no, Theodore," said Mrs. Gumbрил was wearing for the occasion the sample pair of Small-Clothes which Mr. Boldero, "sci--en--tifically." Gumbрил nodded again.

"Who are you?" Lypiatt asked, reopening his eyes. Theodore Gumbрил, junior," he made it more precise, "suggested that I might come and see you about a little matter in which he and I are interested and in which perhaps you, too, might be interested." Lypiatt nodded, without saying anything. Gumbрил Senior got up from his chair and, standing behind them, leant over to elucidate and explain. Do you like it?" Gumbрил Junior nodded. Lypiatt looked first at her, then at his picture. "Does one look such a guy?" Lypiatt threw open the door at the head of the stairs and stood there on the threshold, waiting for her. Such hair as Gumbрил could see beneath her hat was pale and inconspicuously blond. The stranger gave him no opportunity, and indeed, Gumbрил reflected, how should she? Mercaptan to his rococo boudoir, his sweet barocco bedroom in Sloane Street; Coleman and Zoe towards goodness only knew what scenes of intimate life in Pimlico; Lypiatt to his studio off the Tottenham Court Road, alone, silently brooding and perhaps too consciously bowed with unhappiness. It was no wonder that Lypiatt should have walked, bent like Atlas under the weight of a world. "Ah, but the history of the young woman who was married four years ago," exclaimed Gumbрил with clownish rapture, "and remains to this day a virgin--what an episode in my memoirs!" In the enchanted darkness he had learned her young body. A man stood beside her drinking tea out of a thick white cup. "And how well and frankly you express what we all feel and lack the courage to say." Lypiatt gave vent to indignant laughter. CHAPTER VI It was between Whitefield Street and the Tottenham Court Road, in a 'heavenly Mews,' as he liked to call it (for he had a characteristic weakness for philosophical paronomasia), that Casimir Lypiatt lived and worked. It was the best place in the world, Lypiatt used to say, for studying aerial perspective; that was why he lived there. Gumbрил looked at his watch. And I wish them joy of their bottles and their Canadian apples and their muddy table napkins with the beastly folds in them that look like loops of tripe." Once more Lypiatt disintegrated himself with laughter; then was silent. "Well," said Lypiatt at last--he had stood there, motionless, for a long time, biting his nails, "I suppose we'd better begin our sitting." He picked up the unfinished portrait and adjusted it on the easel. It's so like these asinine electricians to have hidden the switch behind the door like this." Gumbрил Junior heard him fumbling in the darkness; there was suddenly light. "Aren't they beautiful?" Gumbрил Senior turned enthusiastically towards his son.

There are infant prodigies in music; but there are no infant prodigies in architecture." Gumbрил Senior chuckled with a real satisfaction. "Did I tell you," said Gumbрил Junior, "that we saw Mr. Porteous's son the other evening--very drunk?" Gumbрил Senior threw up his hands. "You don't mean to say your friend is also called Mercaptan and lives here too?" Rosie smiled. Gumbрил and Mrs. "What's the time?" Gumbрил looked at his watch. And Gumbрил did. Gumbрил

jumped between the horns of the dilemma and voted for other organs.

Lypiatt looked first at her, then at his picture. And Gumbriel did. CHAPTER IV Lypiatt had a habit, which some of his friends found rather trying--and not only friends, for Lypiatt was ready to let the merest acquaintances, the most absolute strangers, even, into the secrets of his inspiration--a habit of reciting at every possible opportunity his own verses. The Conquistador, Lypiatt had made it clear, was the Artist, and the Vale of Mexico on which he looked down, the towered cities of Tlacopan and Chalco, of Tenochtitlan and Iztapalapan symbolized--well, it was difficult to say precisely what. Lypiatt stood motionless, his arms still crossed, his chin on his breast. Lypiatt walked slowly back to his bed. Gumbriel." Feeling a little ashamed at having been interrupted in what was, after all, one of the ignobler and more trivial occupations of his new life, Gumbriel went down to his fatty chop and green peas. CHAPTER II Gumbriel senior occupied a tall, narrow-shouldered and rachitic house in a little obscure square not far from Paddington. Hush." Gumbriel Senior threw back his head, pressed his hand over his mouth, as though by commanding silence on himself he could command it on the whole world.

You, no doubt, my dear Theodore, have often in the past made a fool of yourself with women...." Gumbriel Junior made an embarrassed gesture that half denied, half admitted the soft impeachment.

CHAPTER IV Lypiatt had a habit, which some of his friends found rather trying--and not only friends, for Lypiatt was ready to let the merest acquaintances, the most absolute strangers, even, into the secrets of his inspiration--a habit of reciting at every possible opportunity his own verses. The Conquistador, Lypiatt had made it clear, was the Artist, and the Vale of Mexico on which he looked down, the towered cities of Tlacopan and Chalco, of Tenochtitlan and Iztapalapan symbolized--well, it was difficult to say precisely what. Boldero went on so glibly that Gumbriel felt sure he must be quoting somebody else's words, "to the great instincts and feelings of humanity.... In the privacy of his bedroom Gumbriel uncoffined it, held it out for his own admiration, caressed its silkiness and finally tried it on, holding it provisionally to his chin, in front of the looking-glass. "And why not?" Lypiatt asked. "Oh, because one simply can't." Gumbriel leaned back in his chair, smiled and caressed his drooping blond moustache. Bojanus had called them; garments, good Lord!--through the tailor's expert eyes. Gumbriel, to \_wear\_ these these garments?" Guiltily, Gumbriel denied himself. "Do you mean to tell me," he shouted in a perfect frenzy of righteous anger, "that you don't yet know how brandy ought to be drunk?" Perhaps it was only last week that he himself, Gumbriel reflected, had learned to aerate his cognac in Gargantuan beakers.

"Hideous to think that people actually live in places like this," Gumbriel was saying. It will most assuredly not." Gumbriel Senior shook his head. Pretending, he too, to take an interest in the New Season's Models, Gumbriel made, squinting sideways over the burning tip of his cigar, an inventory of her features. Such hair as Gumbriel could see beneath her hat was pale and inconspicuously blond. Bolshevism, she called it. Gumbriel felt thankful that Mr. "I do a little teaching myself; I must stand up for the profession." Gumbriel Senior let go his beard and brushed back the hair that the wind of his own vehemence had brought tumbling into his eyes. Gumbriel remembered also his own fiver. Gumbriel was delighted. "Patiently, however." Gumbriel looked at her and found her smiling like a tragic mask. Gumbriel pushed a florin under the bars. Lypiatt sighed. But Lypiatt still lay, face upwards, on his bed, floating, it seemed to himself, far



out into the dark emptinesses between the stars. Looking over Coleman's shoulder, Gumbriel could see through the opening a brightly lighted room and, in the middle of it, like a large rectangular island, a wide divan. Gumbriel shut his eyes and ground his teeth together; he felt himself blushing with a retrospective shame. Gumbriel looked at them with a pensive disgust which must have expressed itself on his features; for the gentleman sitting in the corner of the carriage facing him, suddenly leaned forward, tapped him on the knee, and said, "I see you agree with me, sir, that there are too many people in the world." Gumbriel, who up till now had merely been aware that somebody was sitting opposite him, now looked with more attention at the stranger. "On the contrary," Gumbriel corrected, "how almost completely I fail to recognize. Lypiatt shook his head. The easel stood near the centre of the studio; round it Lypiatt kept a space permanently cleared. "Nor can tigresses." He had begun to pace up and down the unobstructed fairway between his easel and the door; Lypiatt liked pacing while he talked. As soon as he got to the ganglia, Gumbriel stopped writing. Sobbing uncontrollably, Rosie had never in all her life felt less like a great, fastidious lady. "My poor Myra." Gumbriel pulled up a chair to the sofa and sat there like a doctor at his patient's bedside. Gumbriel could never imagine. These little accidents did nothing, however, to damp his affection for the birds; and still on every evening that could possibly be called fine, he was always to be seen in the twilight, sitting on the balcony, gazing up, round-spectacled and rapt, at the fourteen plane trees. Lypiatt felt himself trembling as the sound came nearer. Lypiatt pressed his hand over his heart. "Pius IX was called Ferretti. He wrote several encyclicals and a syllabus." Gumbriel admired the phrase about less than average intelligence; Falarope Major should have at least one mark for having learnt it so well by heart. Gumbriel picked it up, executed several passes with it. Too lovely." "Too revolting," Gumbriel corrected her. Should we say next Tuesday?" "Let us say next Tuesday." Gumbriel opened the shop door. Too lovely." "Too revolting," Gumbriel corrected her. "You won't force me to change my opinion." Gumbriel smiled at her. "It's a lovely picture," Gumbriel went on, loquaciously now, behind her, as they walked down the dark corridor. But Gumbriel had taken it all in long ago. "That would have been a just retribution," Gumbriel went on, "after what you've done to me." "What have I done to you?" Mrs. Gumbriel left the office with Mr. Lypiatt continued to walk back and forth, waving his arms as he walked. Lypiatt sighed.

Gumbriel Senior swept on. Lypiatt felt himself trembling as the sound came nearer. "Yes, the cow was in the best pantomime tradition," Gumbriel agreed. "Charming!" Gumbriel protested. Gumbriel made an impatient gesture. You apparently weren't sufficiently interested in anything----" "I am interested in everything," interrupted Gumbriel Junior. He got up from before his writing-desk, crossed the room and sat down beside her on Crebillon. There's nothing like a personality in the whole thing." Lypiatt laughed derisively, and his face went all to pieces, like a pool of water into which a stone is suddenly dropped. Gumbriel caressed his beard. Or rather, I do know," Gumbriel corrected himself, and laughed again. "Tell Coleman how you borrowed his beard, Theodore." Gumbriel was looking intently into his glass, as though he hoped to see in its pale mixture of gin and Sauterne visions, as in a crystal, of the future. "Fish suppers," Gumbriel quoted jovially from the Restoration, "fish suppers will make a man hop like a flea." Through the whole meal he clowned away in the most inimitable style. "Ah, but the history of the young woman who was married four years ago," exclaimed Gumbriel with clownish rapture, "and remains to this day a virgin--what an episode in my memoirs!" In the enchanted darkness he had learned her young

body. CHAPTER IV Lypiatt had a habit, which some of his friends found rather trying--and not only friends, for Lypiatt was ready to let the merest acquaintances, the most absolute strangers, even, into the secrets of his inspiration--a habit of reciting at every possible opportunity his own verses. The Conquistador, Lypiatt had made it clear, was the Artist, and the Vale of Mexico on which he looked down, the towered cities of Tlacopan and Chalco, of Tenochtitlan and Iztapalapan symbolized--well, it was difficult to say precisely what. "What \_are\_ Gumbriel's Patent Small-Clothes?" "Scientifically, then," said Gumbriel Junior, "my Patent Small-Clothes may be described as trousers with a pneumatic seat, inflateable by means of a tube fitted with a valve; the whole constructed of stout seamless red rubber, enclosed between two layers of cloth." "I must say," said Gumbriel Senior on a tone of somewhat grudging approbation, "I have heard of worse inventions. In either case, I shall make money, which is more, I may say, than you or any other Gumbriel have ever done." "Quite right," said Gumbriel Senior, "quite right"; and he laughed very cheerfully. She saw in a flash the fastidious lady that she now was--with Louis whatever-it-was furniture at home, and jewels, and young poets to tea, and real artists. He gave Gumbriel a heroic blow on the shoulder. "He is altogether too impatient and enthusiastic for us poor people a ducal smile of condescension accompanied this graceful act of self-abasement "who move in the prosaic, practical, workaday world." Lypiatt laughed, a loud, discordant peal. "Ass," he said, "be quiet." Lypiatt went on torrentially. "O Lord, have mercy upon us: have mercy upon us." Gumbriel shrugged his shoulders and looked round the chapel at the faces of the boys. Lypiatt, I presume?" Lypiatt leaned back in his chair and shut his eyes. "You won't force me to change my opinion." Gumbriel smiled at her. "It's very odd." "Very odd," Gumbriel Junior echoed. Gumbriel began dictating. Happening to look out of the window at this moment, Gumbriel saw the name of the place painted across a lamp. "Well, this would be much too good for most of the greasy devils who do have eight or ten thousand to spend." He passed the sheet to Gumbriel Junior, who held it out so that both Mr. Viveash remembered that Lypiatt had once said very much that sort of thing to her. "It's called 'The Sermon on the Mount,'" she said. Or rather, I do know," Gumbriel corrected himself, and laughed again. "Tell Coleman how you borrowed his beard, Theodore." Gumbriel was looking intently into his glass, as though he hoped to see in its pale mixture of gin and Sauterne visions, as in a crystal, of the future. He wrote several encyclicals and a syllabus." Gumbriel admired the phrase about less than average intelligence; Falarope Major should have at least one mark for having learnt it so well by heart. Gumbriel and Mrs. With all thine heart," declaimed the Reverend Pelvey, "and with all thy soul, and with all thy might." No, but seriously, Gumbriel reminded himself, the problem was very troublesome indeed. And could it be that the Reverend Pelvey, M.A., fog-horning away from behind the imperial bird, could it be that he had an answer and a clue? Bojanus called it, a very neat toga in real West Country whipcord. It's so impossible to find anything now." Gumbriel leaned back in his corner, wondering, as he studied that averted profile, who or what this young woman could be. One of these days, Gumbriel reflected, it would be birth control, or the decimal system, or rational dress. And could it be that the Reverend Pelvey, M.A., fog-horning away from behind the imperial bird, could it be that he had an answer and a clue? And Gumbriel did. "Well," repeated Gumbriel on a different tone from behind the stooks of his corn-like beard. And now he came to look at him more closely, this young Gumbriel was a great, hulking, dangerous-looking fellow. You see the

line?" Gumbriel saw the line. As a practical business man, I always uphold the ancient universities, especially in their teaching of the Humanities." Gumbriel was much flattered. Gumbriel shook his head dubiously and buttoned up his trousers. "What indeed?" Gumbriel had limped up to the door and stood there, holding it open for her. It was the clown's doing, and the clown, poor creature, was \_non compos\_, not entirely there, and couldn't be called to account for his actions. "O Lord, have mercy upon us: have mercy upon us." Gumbriel shrugged his shoulders and looked round the chapel at the faces of the boys. We shall see." Gumbriel nodded his head slowly, while he transferred two pennies from his right-hand trouser pocket to his left-hand trouser pocket. Gumbriel continued his lullaby-soliloquy. "Ah, the tannin!" exclaimed Gumbriel with enthusiasm, and broke off his playing. "You don't mean to say your friend is also called Mercaptan and lives here too?" Rosie smiled. "You express so exquisitely what we----" and waving her hand in a comprehensive gesture, she pictured to herself all the other fastidious ladies, all the marchionesses of fable, reclining, as she herself at this moment reclined, on upholstery of white satin, "what we all only feel and aren't clever enough to say." Mr. Gumbriel Senior was sitting on his little iron balcony among the dried-out pots that had once held geraniums, smoking his pipe and looking earnestly out into the darkness in front of him. Gumbriel would lean forward, would strain his eyes and his ears in the hope of seeing, of hearing something--something significant, explanatory, satisfying. After tea you open the cottage piano," and suiting his action to the words, Gumbriel sat down at the long-tailed Bluthner, "and you play, you play." Very slowly and with parodied expressiveness he played the opening theme of the Arietta. "Ah, the tannin!" exclaimed Gumbriel with enthusiasm, and broke off his playing. Lypiatt would make an excellent stage designer." Damn them! Mercaptan against the world that had neglected him, against the fate that had denied him his rightful share of talent, Lypiatt sprang up and, seizing the author of the "Jus Primae Noctis" by the shoulders, he shook him, he bumped him up and down in his chair, he cuffed him over the head. In either case, I shall make money, which is more, I may say, than you or any other Gumbriel have ever done." "Quite right," said Gumbriel Senior, "quite right"; and he laughed very cheerfully. His business," Gumbriel Senior hesitated. "How unreal it is," Gumbriel whispered. Left to himself, Gumbriel sat down and filed his nails. Gumbriel snorted with indignation. "And when I think of Brunelleschi!" Gumbriel Senior went on to remember with passion the architect who had suspended on eight thin flying ribs of marble the lightest of all domes and the loveliest. Do you like it?" Gumbriel Junior nodded. Gumbriel shook his head dubiously and buttoned up his trousers. "At meal-times!" The fastidious lady had to draw the line at these ill-timed, tumbling familiarities. But in mind, Gumbriel found, after having seen him once or twice, he was like a caterpillar: he ate all that was put before him, he consumed a hundred times his own mental weight every day. Oh, how her heart was beating, how hard it was to be the fastidious lady, calmly satisfying her caprice. Gumbriel had again shown himself wonderfully at home. The Conquistador, Lypiatt had made it clear, was the Artist, and the Vale of Mexico on which he looked down, the towered cities of Tlacopan and Chalco, of Tenochtitlan and Iztapalapan symbolized--well, it was difficult to say precisely what. Bojanus had called them; garments, good Lord!--through the tailor's expert eyes. Lypiatt looked up. Lypiatt did not speak, but walked out into the hall. "Don't rush in," he called back to his son, "for God's sake don't rush in. It's so like these asinine electricians to have hidden the switch behind the door like this." Gumbriel Junior heard him fumbling in the darkness; there was

suddenly light. Gumbriel." Feeling a little ashamed at having been interrupted in what was, after all, one of the ignobler and more trivial occupations of his new life, Gumbriel went down to his fatty chop and green peas. There went the only case of old brandy he was ever likely to possess, thought Gumbriel sadly, as he turned away.

"Can it be Bruin Opps?" said Gumbriel dubiously. Gumbriel turned from the reflection to the reality. Gumbriel caressed his beard. Lypiatt suddenly burst out laughing, an embittered Titan. Gumbriel mentioned your name and suggested I should come and see you to find out if you would perhaps be agreeable to lending us your talent for this work. "Chiefly," said Gumbriel Senior, "because, as I've said before, they didn't know how to think or profit by experience. You, no doubt, my dear Theodore, have often in the past made a fool of yourself with women...." Gumbriel Junior made an embarrassed gesture that half denied, half admitted the soft impeachment. "I perfectly agree with you, sir," Gumbriel answered. You, no doubt, my dear Theodore, have often in the past made a fool of yourself with women...." Gumbriel Junior made an embarrassed gesture that half denied, half admitted the soft impeachment. Gumbriel offered her one of his. Boldero, yours very truly, THEODORE GUMBRIEL, JR." The day after to-morrow became in due course to-day; splendidly bearded and Rabelaisianly broad in his whipcord toga, Gumbriel presented himself at Mr. That's all I know." "Well, there's no harm in trying." "I'll write to him," said Gumbriel Senior. Standing on the platform, Gumbriel made a complicated pantomime, signifying his regret by shrugging his shoulders and placing his hand on his heart; urging in excuse for his abrupt departure the necessity under which he laboured of alighting at this particular station--which he did by pointing at the name on the boards and lamps, then at himself, then at the village across the fields. Gumbriel had spent the afternoon at Bloxam Gardens.

Gumbriel shut his eyes and ground his teeth together; he felt himself blushing with a retrospective shame. It will most assuredly not." Gumbriel Senior shook his head. \_No\_ education can be called \_complete\_ without a knowledge of that divine book." He darted to the bookshelf and came back with a small volume bound in white vellum. Gumbriel watched her in an agony of suspense. Gumbriel nodded. Gumbriel would get up from his iron chair, stretch his arms and his stiff cold legs and go in through the French window to work. Breaking in unexpectedly at midnight, Gumbriel Junior found them sitting in front of the gas fire in his father's study. Lypiatt ran down after him; but Mr. Boldero had picked himself up, had opened the front door, slipped out, slammed it behind him, and was running up the mews before Lypiatt could get to the bottom of the stairs. "And where are you going in your famous train?" "Ah again," Gumbriel answered. Gumbriel and Mrs. The curtains looped up at either side had slid down, cutting it off from the rest of the room--"making two worlds," Gumbriel elegantly and allusively put it, "where only one grew before--and one of them a better world," he added too philosophically, "because unreal." There was the theatrical silence, the suspense. "Charming!" Gumbriel stuck to his guns. Gumbriel did not attend evening chapel. Gumbriel laughed too. "Well, I had thought Gumbriel Junior hesitated, afraid that he might be going to say something stupid. "And this is London." "I wish it were," Gumbriel Junior laughed. Standing on the platform, Gumbriel made a complicated pantomime, signifying his regret by shrugging his shoulders and placing his hand on his heart; urging in excuse for his abrupt departure the necessity under which he laboured of alighting at this particular station--which he did by pointing at the name on the boards and lamps, then at

himself, then at the village across the fields. The old gentleman waved his hand, which still held, Gumbriel noticed, the notebook in which he had been writing. Gumbriel, look--how shall I say?--well, a trifle negleejay, as the French would put it, a trifle negleejay." Gumbriel looked down at himself. Gumbriel Senior expounded his city with passion. Lypiatt sighed. That would be good, that would be damned good!" Lypiatt laughed very loudly and slapped his thighs. There!" Gumbriel Senior interrupted himself, holding up his hand. Gumbriel Senior listened, enchanted. And he knew how everybody lived, and what it was like to be a mill girl, a dustman, an engine-driver, a Jew, an Anglican bishop, a confidence-trickster. Shearwater's at the lavatory," she said, in answer to Gumbriel's question. Suppose we just drove for a bit now." But Gumbriel would not allow that.

A day, Gumbriel reflected, as he strolled idly along, to be in love. "Emily," he whispered. Gumbriel lay perfectly still, without speaking, waiting in the enchanted timeless darkness. "Those people at the coffee-stall," Gumbriel answered. "You could sleep here," Gumbriel answered in a voice that came from a long way away. Gumbriel watched her in an agony of suspense. That would be good, that would be damned good!" Lypiatt laughed very loudly and slapped his thighs. It's going to be terrific." And with the blood beating behind his eyes, with the exultant consciousness and certainty of power growing and growing in him with every word he spoke, Lypiatt began to describe the pictures there would be at his show; he talked about the preface he was writing to the catalogue, the poems that would be printed in it by way of literary complement to the pictures. CHAPTER II Gumbriel senior occupied a tall, narrow-shouldered and rachitic house in a little obscure square not far from Paddington. Gumbriel was almost the last survivor of the old inhabitants. Gumbriel made a gesture of despair and was silent. "Patiently, however." Gumbriel looked at her and found her smiling like a tragic mask. And so poor old Lypiatt was on the warpath again, he reflected, as he pushed open the doors of the Albemarle Galleries. "Pius IX was called Ferretti. Porteous, "one must be really interested in money." "And he's not," said Gumbriel Senior. Gumbriel Senior turned once more towards his son. The bald fact that Emily was married had at once been veiled with mysteries, surrounded and protected by silences; whenever the Complete Man asked a question about it, Emily did not answer and Molly only giggled. Shut up in his room all day, Lypiatt had been writing--writing his whole life, all his ideas and ideals, all for Myra. Lypiatt stretched out his hand and fingered the pistol. The Complete Man lifted her up, walked across the room carrying the fastidious lady in his arms and deposited her on the rosy catafalque of the bed. Gumbriel had looked at his wrist watch and found that it was six o'clock. "That's a process," said Gumbriel, with middle-aged jocularly, speaking out of his private warm morass, "that's commonly called falling in love." There was another silence. He wanted Gumbriel to tell him what she was really like. Emily lifted her knees, slid her feet in under the sheet, then stretched herself out beside him, her body, in the narrow bed, touching his. Lypiatt," he added richly, "has the true artistic temp----" "It's going to be magnificent." Lypiatt could not wait till Mr. "He might really be preoccupied, or asleep, or ill." Gumbriel knocked. Lypiatt stood motionless, his arms still crossed, his chin on his breast. But to-day--well, really, it was only your conversation, Theodore, that made it tolerable." Gumbriel put his hand to his heart and bowed. Gumbriel nodded. It's going to be terrific." And with the blood beating behind his eyes, with the exultant consciousness and certainty of power growing and growing in him with every word he spoke, Lypiatt began to describe the pictures there would be at his show; he talked

about the preface he was writing to the catalogue, the poems that would be printed in it by way of literary complement to the pictures. Gumbriel jumped between the horns of the dilemma and voted for other organs. Gumbriel Junior reappeared; glasses clinked as he walked, and there was a little rattle of crockery. I stand alone, opposing it with my example." Lypiatt raised his hand. Boldero, yours very truly, THEODORE GUMBRIL, JR." The day after to-morrow became in due course to-day; splendidly bearded and Rabelaisianly broad in his whipcord toga, Gumbriel presented himself at Mr. "Well," repeated Gumbriel on a different tone from behind the stooks of his corn-like beard. What are the Professor's famous Censors but forbidding suggestions from the herd without, made powerful and entrenched by the social instinct within?" Gumbriel had no answer; Mr. Gumbriel shut his eyes and ground his teeth together; he felt himself blushing with a retrospective shame. Gumbriel Senior, who had already supped, looked on at them from the balcony. "You don't mean to say your friend is also called Mercaptan and lives here too?" Rosie smiled. "You express so exquisitely what we----" and waving her hand in a comprehensive gesture, she pictured to herself all the other fastidious ladies, all the marchionesses of fable, reclining, as she herself at this moment reclined, on upholstery of white satin, "what we all only feel and aren't clever enough to say." Mr. "Or there's my place," Gumbriel said abruptly, as though shaking himself awake out of some dream. "Here's to secrecy," Gumbriel proposed. Gumbriel listened, not very attentively. Gumbriel Junior reappeared; glasses clinked as he walked, and there was a little rattle of crockery. Gumbriel nodded. Mercaptan, Lypiatt had gone straight home. You can't say no to Providence." "I must," Gumbriel shook his head. Leaning back, his hands under his head, he watched her sitting there beside him. How simple to spit on the floors of churches! In the basement, two floors down, the cook and the house-parlourmaid were reading--one the Daily Mirror, the other the Daily Sketch. Gumbriel sat and smoked, and the universe arranged itself in a pattern about him, like iron filings round a magnet.

The easel stood near the centre of the studio; round it Lypiatt kept a space permanently cleared. "O Lord, have mercy upon us: have mercy upon us." Gumbriel shrugged his shoulders and looked round the chapel at the faces of the boys. Bojanus, who had been watching his client in silence and with a polite but also, Gumbriel could not help feeling, a somewhat ironical smile, coughed. Gumbriel said nothing, but catching sight once more of his own side view, nodded a dubious agreement. Gumbriel Junior reappeared; glasses clinked as he walked, and there was a little rattle of crockery. It might be worse." They drew up chairs to Gumbriel Senior's work-table, and there, among the letters and the unpaid bills and the sketchy elevations of archiducal palaces, they ate the beef and the apple-pie, and drank the one-and-ninepenny vin ordinaire of the house. "I've never known a woman like that before." Gumbriel laughed.

Gumbriel Junior looked at it with surprise and pleasure. CHAPTER II Gumbriel senior occupied a tall, narrow-shouldered and rachitic house in a little obscure square not far from Paddington. "Ah, but the history of the young woman who was married four years ago," exclaimed Gumbriel with clownish rapture, "and remains to this day a virgin--what an episode in my memoirs!" In the enchanted darkness he had learned her young body. Gumbriel finished off his glass. Gumbriel remembered his own childhood; they had not been very diligently taught to him. And Gumbriel did.

"I say," he called after the retreating pink kimono. Too lovely." "Too revolting," Gumbriel corrected her. "You won't force me to change my opinion." Gumbriel smiled at her. It seems a very long

time ago, don't you think?" "Does it?" Gumbriel shrugged his shoulders. After tea you open the cottage piano," and suiting his action to the words, Gumbriel sat down at the long-tailed Bluthner, "and you play, you play." Very slowly and with parodied expressiveness he played the opening theme of the Arietta.